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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLIII.—No. 2196

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1899

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Senator Frye. Senator Gray. Mr. Reid. General Cerero. Senor Villaurrutia. Senor Garnica. Senor Abarzuza.

Mr. Day, President of the American Commission. Senator Davis. Mr. Moore, American Secretary.

Senor E. Montero Rios, President of the Spanish Commission. Senor Ojeda, Spanish Secretary. Mr. Fergusson.

PARIS—THE LAST SESSION OF THE AMERICAN AND SPANISH PEACE COMMISSIONERS.

DRAWN BY F. LUIS MORA FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 64.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 21, 1899

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The Treaty in the Senate

THE debate on the policy of expansion is on in the Senate, and the opponents of the new departure, the champions of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, have the courage to give their reasons for the stand which they have taken and for the votes which they will cast when the treaty comes up for ratification. Senators VEST, CAFFERY, MASON, and HOAR have spoken, all convincing, and the last in one of those noble efforts which have occasionally distinguished his career. There is no doubt now where he stands. The answer to the assumption that, in the end, his party would whip him into line and compel him to vote against his declared convictions, is the argument on the constitutionality of expansion which is worthy of the best day of the Senate. The debate goes on also outside of the Senate. Speeches have been made in the House of Representatives; and besides the notable contributions to the discussion in the press and in periodical literature by men like Bishop POTTER, Bishop HALL, ex-Secretary CARLISLE, ANDREW CARNEGIE, SAMUEL GOMPERS, and Mr. CLEVELAND, we have a vigorous protest from ex-Senator EDMUNDS, who is still, as he was when a member of the Senate, the ablest Constitutional lawyer of his party. On the other hand not a shred of rational argument—judged by the standard of those who believe in our Constitutional liberty—has been advanced in behalf of expansion. We have had the reasoning of men who have discarded the Constitution and who determine public policies from the point of view of nations that govern colonies; we have had the shouts of demagogues; the cunning suggestions of speculators, who look for benefit from everything that is new; the pompous generalities that cover the designs of men who hope to profit by the extension of the paternalism which has already lined their pockets at the expense of the tax-payers of their country; and, finally, we have a great company of enthusiasts, wild with delight at the mere thought of growth, or glowing with fancies of Christianity and civilization spreading over the dark islands of the Pacific under the protection of our army and navy—intense, hopeful, but misguided minds, whose intellectual follies are themselves due to the blessed influences of democracy. These do not reason; they hope and aspire. They do not argue; they chant.

We have said, and we believe, that the republic will survive even the shock and damage of expansion, because democracy is too vital to be destroyed; and we believe, too, that the principles of the Declaration of Independence will also survive, although our conduct may discredit them for a time, even, it may be, for generations, for, as Senator HOAR says, "the eternal providence of God is on the side of freedom." But, on the other hand, we do not believe that the Constitution will escape unharmed, for already, if he is reported correctly, we are told by an officer of the army, who has sworn to uphold and defend it, that we have outgrown the Constitution, and, in a large measure, he was justified in saying this, by the spirit which has been manifested by the advocates of expansion in their attitude towards the Constitution. It would be going too far, perhaps, to assert that the Constitution is despised by some of the expansionist leaders, but it is nevertheless true that their attitude is at least unconsciously contemptuous, the proof being their desire to defeat its wholesome restraints by interpretation. More than once in the history of the country we have seen the Supreme Court bend to public sentiment, or to that part of it which makes the most noise, and therefore we are justified in saying that if the treaty is ratified as it stands, the Constitution will no longer be the safeguard of personal liberty which it has been. The exigencies of colonial government in the Far East, due to our possession of subjects, a class not recognized or provided for in the Constitution, will probably compel the first assault upon the bill of rights, and we shall have at least part of the republic subject to the legislation of an unrestrained Congress. How long it will then be before Congress throws off all restraint, will depend upon the spirit of the people. At present (we are forced regretfully to the conviction) the Constitution is less respected than it has ever been before. We have forgotten the evils from which it has saved us. The South forgets that it has stood between it and partisan tyranny. The West forgets that it has saved it from Grangerism. The whole country forgets that within twenty-five years it has saved it from fiat money and inflation, and that it is the Constitution alone which may confine socialistic experiments to the States. It is in the air that the Constitution must not be permitted to stand in the way of expansion, and that even the Declaration of Independence must be considered antiquated. The Declaration is vital and will live, but the breaking down of the Constitution, which is law, must bring material injury to the country, whose bulwark it has been against the assaults of intrigue and of momentary popular passion. This will be one of the charges which the country must bear if the expansionists prevail. The republic will survive, but generations of its citizens will be deprived of some of the great blessings which democracy has bestowed on us and our fathers, and will suffer the burdens of militarism and of heavy taxation, which, thus far, we have been spared. And in return for all this there will be absolutely nothing to show but trouble.

There is a sufficient number of Senators who are opposed to taking the Philippines to prevent the ratification of the treaty with the clause ceding the archipelago unamended. At least so much can be accomplished. "If the Senate believes the treaty is wrong," says Mr. EDMUNDS, "it will doubtless have the courage to reject it and face the consequences." Perhaps this is true. At any rate the treaty can be amended, as Mr. EDMUNDS suggests, by providing that "the people of those islands should be left to govern themselves as best they may, with such guarantees of order and personal safety of the inhabitants as shall be adequate to the preservation of order. Such a guarantee," he wisely and, in view of the threatening attitude of AGUINALDO's insurgents, significantly adds, "can be presently enforced at infinitely less cost of blood and treasure than our undertaking to assume and exercise sovereignty over the islands."

If Senators who believe with Mr. HOAR will act with his courage, the treaty can be either amended or rejected as seems best. Their duty is clear. They believe that the annexation of the Philippines would be a breach of the Constitution, and would be a discarding of the Declaration, because it would deny to an alien people the rights of liberty and self-government which our fathers declared inalienable; that it would be an invasion of the land of other and unwilling people for the purpose of aggrandizement; that it would, therefore, be a violation of the pledge given by Congress at the beginning of the war; that it would, by reason of these departures, discredit and shame democracy; that it would materially injure the United States; that it would at least double Federal taxation; that it would enormously increase the army and the navy, and put the free citizen of America on a par with the soldier-loaded peasant of Europe; that it would turn back the hands of time and civilization; and that, to quote again from Mr. HOAR, it would make "America begin the twentieth century where Spain began the sixteenth, . . . and would make our beloved country a cheap-jack country, raking after the cart for the leavings of European tyranny." In return for all this we would obtain a war with seven or eight millions of people who, so far as their wishes are known, are determined to be independent, and to oppose our sovereignty as they have opposed the sovereignty of Spain, and there is no doubt that such a war would cost us thousands of American lives and millions of treasure, in return for which we are promised by dreamers a commerce which has never yet materialized among a people whose wants are abundantly supplied by nature. It seems to us that any Senator believing this must refuse to vote for the treaty unless it be amended, for he knows that the plea that it is a treaty of peace, and must be ratified if we are not to renew the war, is as false as expansion itself is unwise. Bending somewhat before the argument against annexation, the administration itself, if Senator FORAKER is correctly assumed to be its spokesman, is holding out a half-promise that the Philippine people shall eventually have their independence, but the time to compel independence for them is now before the treaty is ratified.

Schley at Santiago

ON the evening of January 7 a well-deserved tribute was paid to Admiral SAMPSON by the Colonial Club of this city. At the banquet speeches were made, and a letter from Secretary LONG was read, the significance of one utterance of which may need interpretation. Secretary LONG is reported to have written, "*From the time Admiral* SAMPSON *took command at Santiago, on June* 1, *that port was effectively blockaded.*" This blockade resulted, as Mr. LONG also is stated to have written, in the destruction of the Spanish fleet and the conclusion of the war. Captain ROBLEY D. EVANS also is reported to have said, in his speech after the dinner, "When SAMPSON arrived off Santiago, *on June* 1, the last nail was driven in CERVERA's coffin, and from *that moment* that gallant officer had no chance." Here is an indirect accusation, made by the Secretary of the Navy and by Captain EVANS, against SCHLEY, who reached Santiago on May 28, having been informed of CERVERA's presence there on the 20th, at Cienfuegos. He was ordered "to remain on the blockade at Santiago *at all hazards.*" Therefore, if Secretary LONG and Captain EVANS are correct, and if the blockade was not effective until SAMPSON's arrival on June 1, SCHLEY did not obey his orders, did not maintain an effective blockade, did not do that which made CERVERA's escape impossible, and therefore, instead of being rewarded, should be court-martialled. What are the facts?

On May 28, the day of his arrival, he signalled to the ships of his squadron that he intended to abandon the blockade and to go to Key West. He actually started for that port. Fortune, however, was good to him, and some one or something persuaded him to return. But he did not then maintain a blockade. In proof of this, among other evidence, we have the diary of Lieutenant JOSÉ MÜLLER Y TEJEIRO, second in command of the naval forces of the province of Santiago. He records as follows:

"*May* 28.—At 4.30 P.M. six large ships were signalled, disappearing to the south at nightfall.

"29*th*.—At 7, seven hostile ships were sighted, reconnoitring the coast *at a distance of about eight miles;* they withdrew to the south before dark.

"30*th*.—At 5.30 the hostile fleet was signalled, approaching to within *nine miles* of the harbor.

"31*st*.—The ships disappeared, as usual, to the south before dark."

This was the day when SCHLEY maintained a ridiculous bombardment of the *Colon* and the *Maria Teresa*, both of which might then have been destroyed, at such a distance that his shots fell short, while the gun-mounts of the *Iowa* were strained by reason of the elevation at which her large guns were necessarily fired.

It will be seen from this diary that no effective blockade was maintained. That SCHLEY actually ran away from Santiago every night is clear from these entries, and from the signal that he flew from the *Brooklyn* on his first day off the harbor, to the effect that the night rendezvous would be twenty-five miles south of the harbor. As a matter of fact, as appears from the log of one of the ships, SCHLEY made the fleet run away twenty-eight miles, while in the daytime he kept such a distance from the port that CERVERA's chances of getting away would have been excellent if he had made his dash at any time while SCHLEY commanded at Santiago.

One other sentence from the Spanish officer's diary, and the significance and truthfulness of Secretary LONG's and Captain EVANS's utterances will be absolutely clear. Under date of June 1, noting the arrival of Admiral SAMPSON's fleet, he says, "From that time on the hostile ships, which were afterwards increased in number, established day and night a constant watch, without withdrawing at nightfall as they used to do."

THE usual attack on the civil service law has been made in the House of Representatives with the usual result. The motion to strike out the appropriation for the commission was carried on a rising vote in Committee of the Whole, and defeated in the House when a roll-call was demanded. Many politicians talk spoils for their constituents who want spoils, but fear to offend their constituents who want good government. The President ought to take the hint. By issuing the threatened order exempting places from the classified list, he will offend thousands of honest and unselfish citizens where he will gratify one place-hunter.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S friends are inclined to grieve over the report that the military board charged with the recommendation of officers and men in the army for brevet rank and medals of honor is indisposed to advise that a medal be conferred on their favorite hero. The Colonel was recommended for a medal in official reports from the field on the strength of his conspicuous valor in the fight at San Juan. The position of the board in Washington seems to be that while his services warrant his receiving the brevet rank of brigadier-general for distinguished conduct, they were not characterized by the particular species of intrepidity which calls for a medal. It appears that there should be an element of eccentricity about the valor of medal men. Merely to be conspicuously efficient in promoting the business that happens to be afoot is not quite enough. To fight like blazes at a critical time may well entitle a man to brevet rank, but to gain a medal he must think of something to do which differs not only in intensity, but in design, from what the other fellows are doing. Congress expects originality from its medal men as well as dauntless energy. The weak point of Colonel Roosevelt as a candidate seems to be, in the eyes of the board, that he did what others were doing, only more so. Perhaps if he had walked up that San Juan hill on his hands, instead of riding a horse, his title would have read clearer, for that would have shown more marked individuality. Where he did show individuality was in composing the famous "round robin" asking for the recall of the troops; but that was after the fight, and is not thought to have helped his case.

TWO women, more fortunate than Colonel Roosevelt, have been specially commended to Congress by Secretary Alger as persons to whom Uncle Sam owes some sort of recognition. They are Margaret Livingston Chanler and Anna Boligny, who performed meritorious hospital work in the Puerto Rico campaign. Lieutenant-Colonel Sharpe, in a report which has been transmitted to Congress, sets forth the works they did, and the good money that they poured out without reimbursement. General Miles has suggested that Congress should bestow suitable medals on them. Here's hoping they may get them, or else suitable brevet rank. It is understood that Colonel Roosevelt doesn't care for brevets, and likes medals better, but it may not be so with Miss Chanler or Miss Boligny. If they would prefer to be brevet colonels, it is hoped that they may be rewarded in that way.

IN the Episcopal Church there flourishes an organization, with many branches, called the Church Periodical Society, whereof the purpose is to collect second-hand literature, books, and periodicals from persons who have a surplus of literature, and distribute it to persons who are hard up for something to read. The society has many contributing clubs, and doubtless most of the modern highly organized city churches include such clubs. Some of them send literature to prisons, where the need of it is obvious. The periodical club secretaries say there is a great demand from prisoners, and also from sailors—another class of their clients—for calendars. At one of the distributing depots in New York the manager said to a club secretary from a church, "If you could send us some calendars, we could distribute them among the sailors with very little cost for postage." "I will," said the secretary. "How many?" But it took her breath away a little to have it suggested that 5000 would do to begin with. It is easy to understand how prisoners and sailors like to have something on which to mark off the days. Schoolboys feel the same need. Periodical literature is so amazingly cheap nowadays, and is circulated in such vast quantities, that the clubs that distribute it find their chief difficulty in getting money enough to pay the postal and express charges on their packages.

THE members of the Executive Committee of the Indian Rights Association, of Philadelphia, have addressed to the President a letter protesting against the rumored intention of the Interior Department to withdraw from the classified service protected by civil service rules these positions in the Indian service, namely, five special Indian agents, eight special allotting agents, three civil engineers and surveyors, two special commissioners, five examiners of lands, and sixty-six financial clerks at agencies. The members remind the President that he promised not to go back on civil service reform. Their society, they tell him, has labored ever since it was founded to secure the adoption of the merit idea throughout the whole Indian service, and they are sure that the changes contemplated are contrary to that principle. They point out that the present Commissioner of Indian Affairs, as the result of his experience, openly favors the extension of civil service rules throughout the whole Indian service, and if he is right, and they are sure he is, it is evident that such exceptions as are proposed would be most unfortunate. They beg the President, instead of making exceptions, to extend still further the operation of civil service rules in concerns that affect the Indians.

THAT Dr. Henry Van Dyke, of the Brick Church in New York, should accept the appointment that has been offered him as Professor of Literature at Johns Hopkins University is too calamitous a possibility to be entertained. It is not known that there is any particularly distressful dearth of men fit to be professors of literature, but clergymen who possess the exceptional combination of qualities which is necessary to the successful administration of big Presbyterian churches in New York are so exceedingly scarce that the transfer of one of them from his church to a university would be very grievously deplored. No doubt Dr. Van Dyke would make an admirable Professor of Literature, and no wonder Johns Hopkins covets him, but the harvest in the neighborhood of Thirty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue seems much too white to be abandoned. Dr. Van Dyke must be at present in the enjoyment of about as many satisfactions as the condition of being a Presbyterian pastor in New York can admit. If for any other reason than impaired health he should swap his pastorate for a professorship, the inference will seem warranted that being a Presbyterian pastor in New York is not as good a job as some others. All pious persons would regret to see a basis afforded for such a supposition, for surely to preach the gospel in a great city under favorable circumstances according to the doctrines of the Presbyterian Church ought to be an employment out of which there is no such thing as promotion. Last year Dr. Van Dyke's church raised and expended $142,250 86. Is it possible that the literary department of Johns Hopkins University is doing a bigger business than that?

A PROFESSORSHIP of literature should never be bestowed on any man who is already active and successful in the practice of some honorable profession. Such places should be reserved for eminent literary lights who, by reason of writers' cramp, mental exhaustion, or conscientious scruples, are debarred from working at their trade. There are many admirable writers who have already written down everything they know, or are likely to know for years to come. There are professional critics who, having experienced a change of heart, would gladly turn from the correction of the irreclaimable to raise a warning voice to the young. For such, and for editors who repent, and leader-writers who long to stop and think, yet dare not for fear of losing step, a professorship of literature is a blessed haven of peace. When our great universities have such places in their gift, they should of course consider who is best fitted to fill them. But their responsibility goes further than that, since of the fit men they should endeavor to choose the ones whose withdrawal from literary activities will do the most good to the greatest number. Charles Lamb was ripe for a professorship of literature when he wrote the letter, recently offered for sale in London, in which he says:

> I had twenty guineas a sheet from the *London;* and what I did for them was more worth that sum than anything, I am afraid, I can now produce would be worth the lesser sum. I used up all my best thoughts in that publication, and I do not like to go on writing worse and worse, and feeling that I do so.

CAREFUL readers of the WEEKLY will recall that in the issue for September 24, ultimo, there was published among some pictures of the fighting in the Philippines a map showing positions of American, Spanish, and insurgent forces, which was credited to F. D. Millet, one of the special correspondents of the WEEKLY in those parts. This map, it seems, was a copy of one made by Mr. William D. Connor, Second Lieutenant of Engineers, U.S.A., who graduated No. 1 in his class at West Point, and was captain of the '96 football team. When error gets a twelve-thousand-mile start, it takes some little time for truth to catch up.

A LETTER freshly arrived from Manila comes addressed to "Franklin Square, New York city, New York, God's country," and affords an interesting illustration of the debilitating effects of the climate of our Oriental dependency. It remarks upon the statement in the WEEKLY of October 15 that "a movement is afoot" to build something somewhere, and complains that the writer has been reading for years about that "movement afoot," which must be very tired by this time, and a proper object for relief. "In this enervating country," moans our friend, "one's natural sympathy goes out so rapidly for anything so uneasy as that much overwalked movement that it leaves one unfit for work."

And yet there are those who, like Mr. Croker, believe that our "young men, full of life, hope, and ambition, should have a chance to develop our recently acquired possessions," and who are ready "to rise as one man and demand expansion as an American citizen's sacred right."

THERE is very little grumbling over the appointment of Mr. Joseph Choate as Ambassador to London. The most prevalent opinion is that Mr. Choate fits the place in more particulars than any one else who could be named. Whenever we do anything to make the British hopping mad, which may happen any day, it will be the greatest advantage to have Mr. Choate in London to explain about it. So long as our cousins look as favorably on us as they do at present it will be a satisfaction to feel that in sending them Mr. Choate we have shown a proper appreciation of the value of their favorable regard. Mr. Choate can do everything well that becomes an ambassador. He can hunger and thirst after righteousness, if need be, but at other times he can eat, drink, talk, and listen. He can discuss, argue, haggle, ask questions, placate, pacify, threaten, bluff, promise, and charm. Considering his distinction as a talker, it is astonishing what an able listener he is. The chief risk our ambassador at London runs just now is of being killed with kindness, but Mr. Choate is as nearly immune to that as any one can be, though it is worth noting that he was not born so early in the thirties as to have seriously impaired his capacity for having a good time. That is important. Our representative in London ought to have just as good a time as is consistent with due solicitude for the welfare of his fellow-countrymen. The more fun Mr. Choate has in London, the better we shall all like it, for experience teaches that the man whom London best likes, and who best likes London, is the most profitable sort of representative for us to have.

IT is to be regretted that the Laidlaw case comes back into the courts on the eve of Mr. Choate's departure. As will be remembered, Laidlaw was the man who was blown up by a bomb intended for Mr. Russell Sage. Mr. Choate agreed with him that Mr. Sage ought to pay him damages, and was his counsel in a suit which has been tried four times. At the last trial Laidlaw got a verdict of $43,000, but the Court of Appeals has just upset it and ordered the case to be tried again.

A CORRESPONDENT, who has read in the WEEKLY about the projected immigration of the Russian Doukhobortsi, writes from Los Angeles to say that there is plenty of good land in that part of the world which can be bought for them at $1 20 an acre. But it seems that arrangements have already been made for them to go to Manitoba, where, report says, the first company of two thousand of them is soon to arrive, in charge of a son of Count Tolstoi.

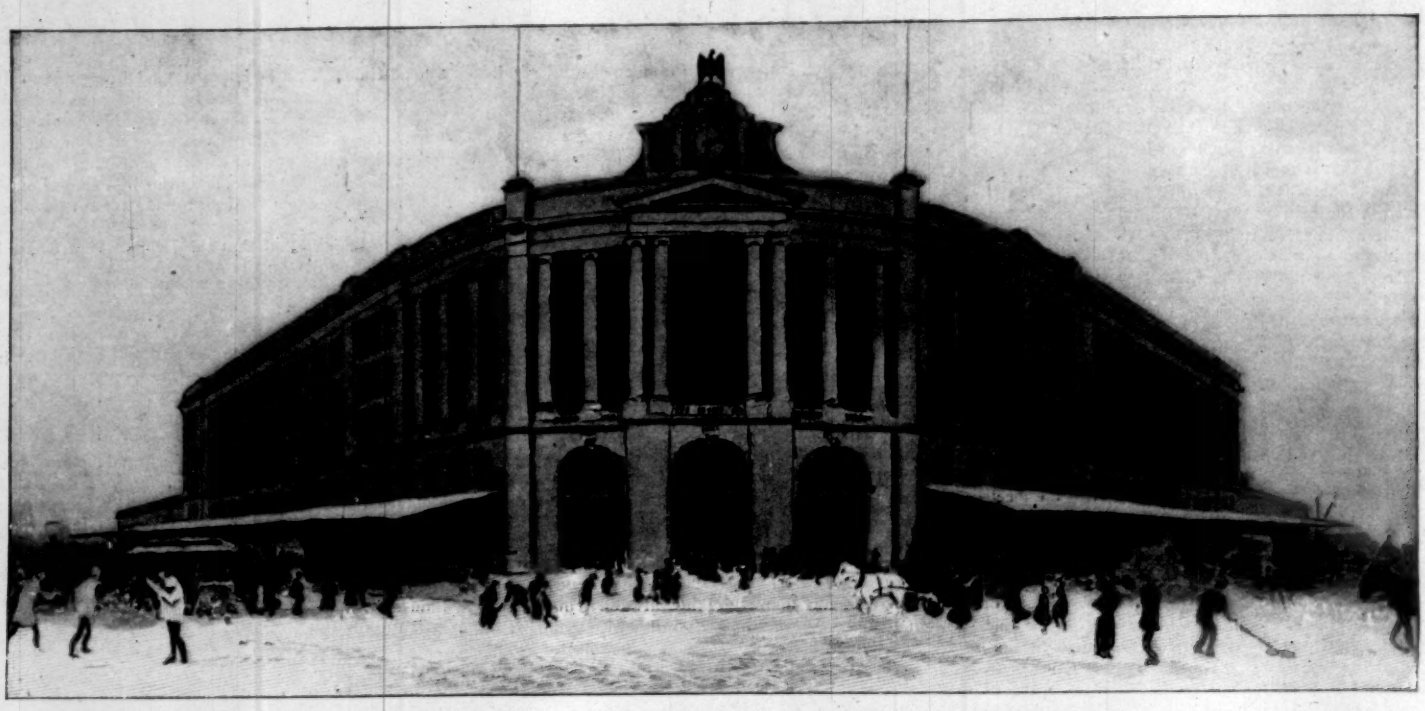
THE Republicans of the Connecticut Legislature decided, on January 11, that General Joseph R. Hawley should have another term as Senator. General Hawley has been a member of Congress for twenty-five years, and has served three terms in the Senate. He is seventy-two years old, and if his discretion has not already fully ripened, it will doubtless mature perfectly during his next term. He is two months younger than Senator Hoar. The chief reasons for rejoicing at his re-election are that we all know him; that he is used to being a Senator, knows the business, and has transacted it creditably in the past; and that his title to work at it rests in character, statesmanship, and legislative experience, and not on success in making money or managing a political machine. He is neither a millionaire nor a party boss, but a Senator of the old school. There are not many of them left, and it is a satisfaction to see those that remain retain their seats.

THE latest shape to become distinct and conspicuous in the Parisian nightmare is that of M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire, late president of the civil section of the Court of Cassation, who has abandoned his judicial post while the court of which he was a member has the Dreyfus case under consideration. The trouble with him seems to be that he has made up his mind that the court's finding will be favorable to Dreyfus. Instead of determining to abide by whatever decision is reached, he throws up his job—a life appointment—and sets himself forthwith to undermine the influence of the tribunal of which he has just ceased to be a member.

It does not take such very exceptional timber to make a judge, but at least it takes timber that will hold nails. To American or British eyes it will appear that M. de Beaurepaire belies his name, and is not made of such material. The whole series of Dreyfus developments, with the successive illustrations it has afforded of the peculiarities of the French mind, has at least one hopeful side. It teaches that a people may be very emotional and very faulty in their conceptions about the administration of justice, and yet manage to rub along without the general use of strait-jackets. It also teaches that a people with grave defects in their capacity for self-government may still, if they are numerous enough, manage their own concerns more or less to their satisfaction without outside help. Such behavior as M. Beaurepaire's is very shocking to Anglo-Saxon sensibilities, yet no one seriously suggests sending in competent aliens to govern the French.

THERE have been rumors that Prince Henry of Germany is giving aid and encouragement to Aguinaldo in his policy of reluctance in the Philippines. It must rejoice the hearts of all the expansionists to hear it. It is all very well for Uncle Sam to discuss with Aguinaldo the advantages of a new step-father for the Filipinos, but discussing it with Germany is quite a different matter. Nothing seems more certain to tighten our grasp, so loose at present, upon the Philippines, than German intrigues with Aguinaldo. Many a match, suitable or otherwise, has failed for lack of a little timely opposition from outside. So it might be with American expansion in the East. The extreme expansionists could well afford to promise to give Prince Henry a coaling-station on condition that he go on plotting with Aguinaldo to keep the Americans out.

PERSONS who are interested in the erection in Paris of a statue of Washington on horseback, will be glad to learn that such a statue has been made by Daniel C. French, the sculptor, and is ready to cast. The National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, of which the officers are Mrs. Stephen J. Field, Mrs. Hobart, Mrs. Hearst, and Mrs. James McMillan, undertook to give this statue to Paris, and raised $22,000, which has been expended. Mr. French has done his work. It has been accepted by the Municipal Art Commission of Paris, and an eligible site has been secured for it. All that is lacking now is $15,000 to pay for the casting and the pedestal. Contributions to this sum may be sent to Mrs. Robert S. Hatcher, Washington, D. C.



EXTERIOR, FROM THE CORNER OF SUMMER AND FEDERAL STREETS.

MAIN WAITING-ROOM.

LADIES' WAITING-ROOM.

TRAIN-SHED, FROM THE CORNER OF KNEELAND AND COVE STREETS.

BOSTON—THE GREAT SOUTH RAILWAY STATION—THE LARGEST IN AMERICA.

From Drawings by W. H. Lawrence and Photographs by N. L. Stebbins.—[See Page 71.]

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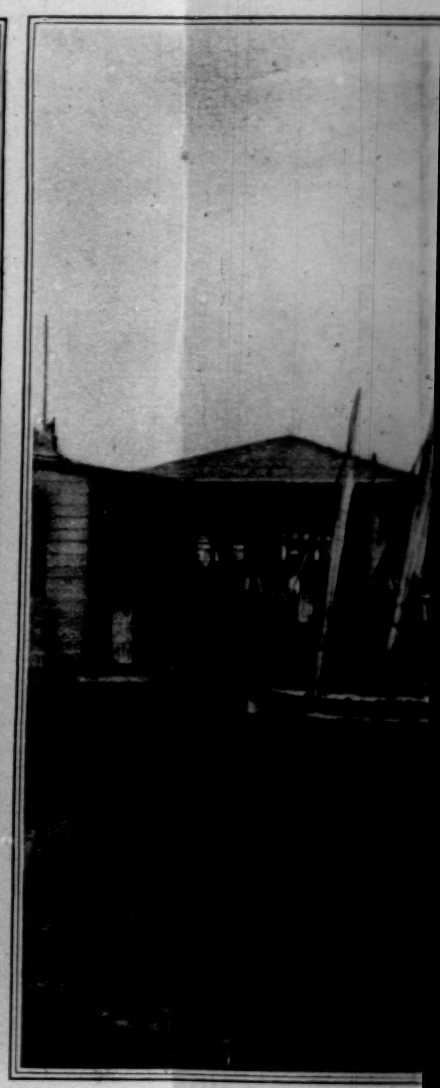

WHERE THE EVACUATION CEREMONIES TOOK PLACE.

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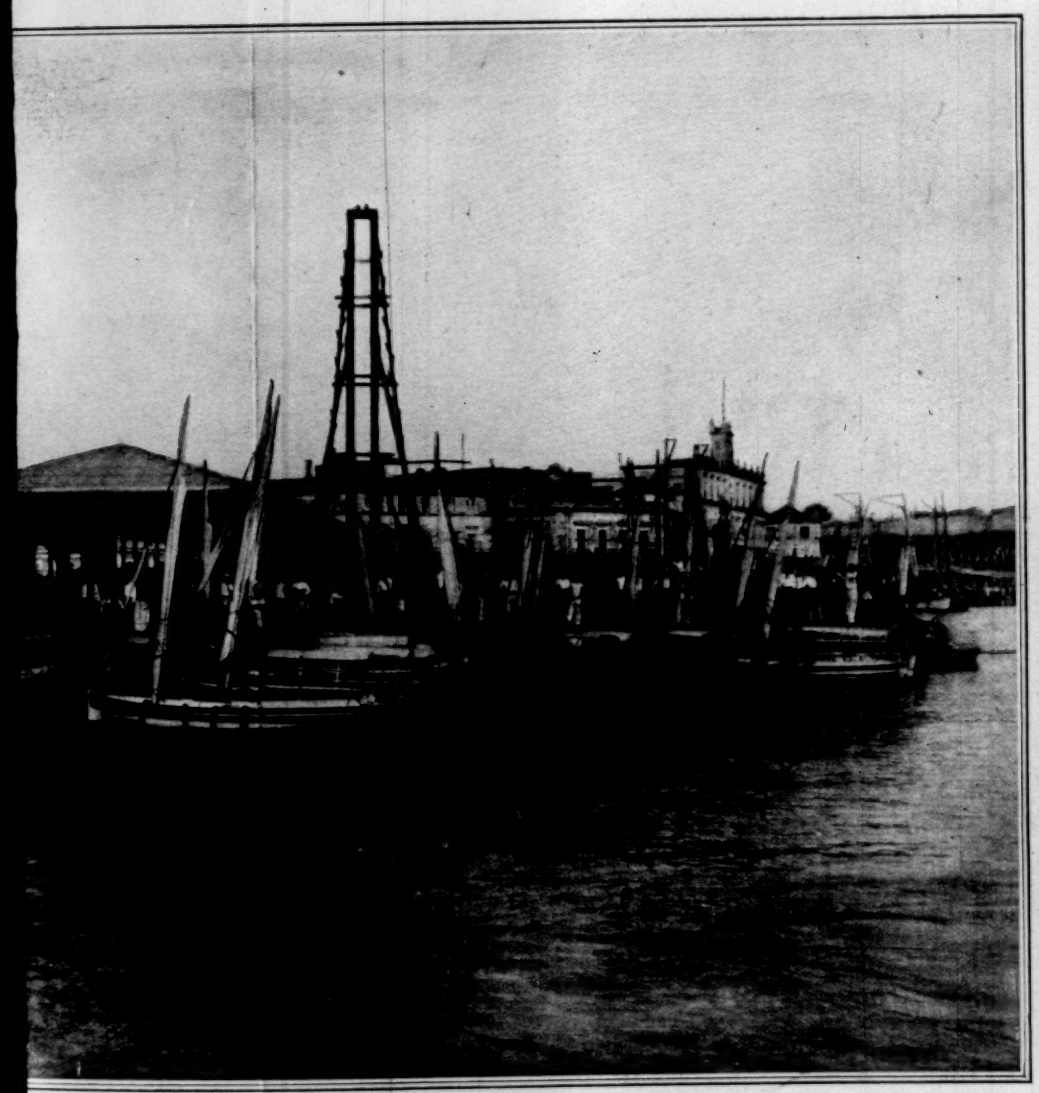
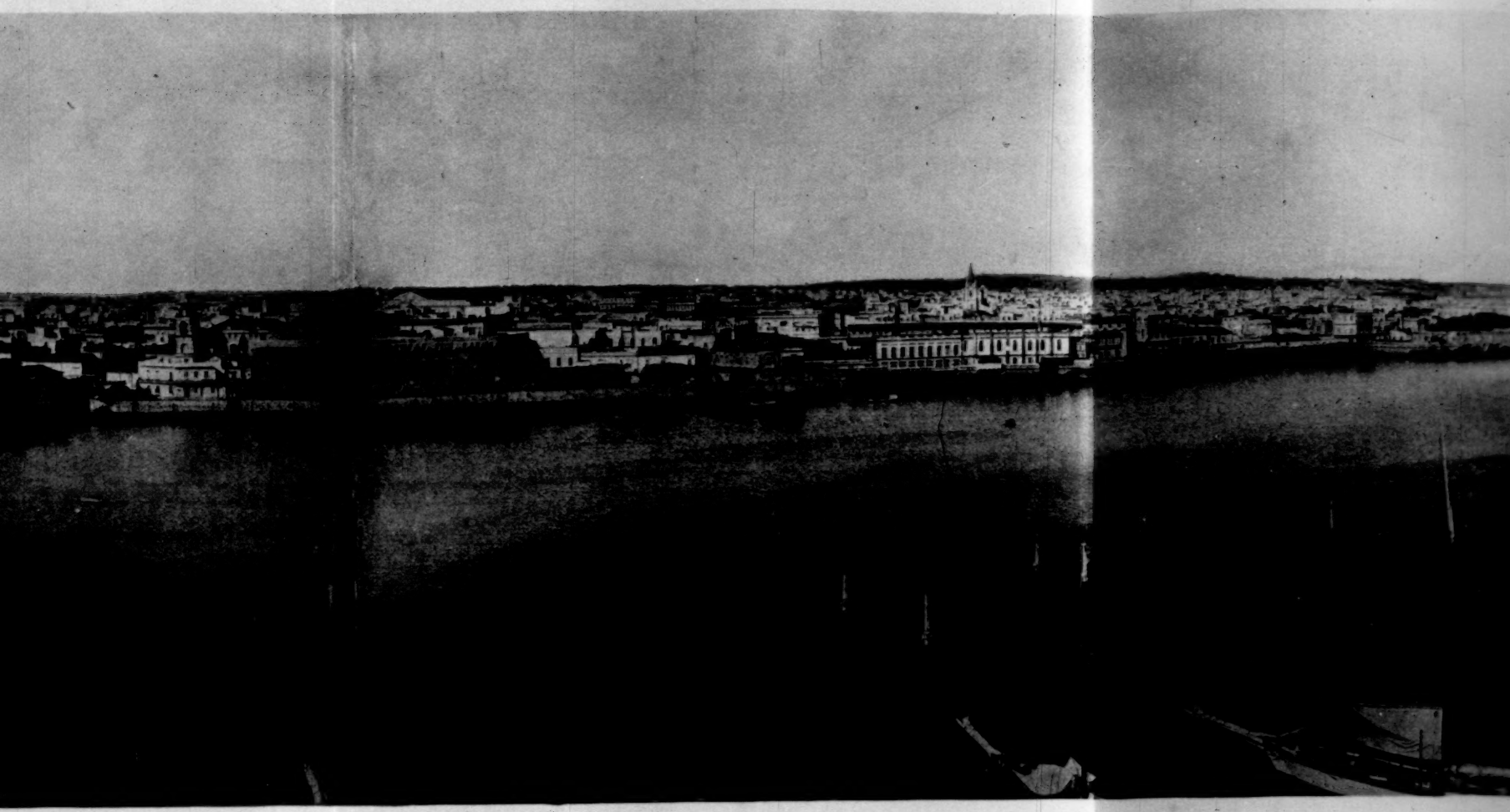


LANDING-SLIP, HAVANA CUSTOM-HOUSE.

THE UNITED STATES MILITARY POST-OFFICE.

HAVANA—PLACES OF INTEREST IN AND ABOUT



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE CITY AND HARBOR.

GALIANO STREET, WITH PATRIOTIC DECORATIONS.

UT THE CHIEF CITY OF THE "PEARL OF THE ANTILLES."—From Photographs by S. A Cohner.

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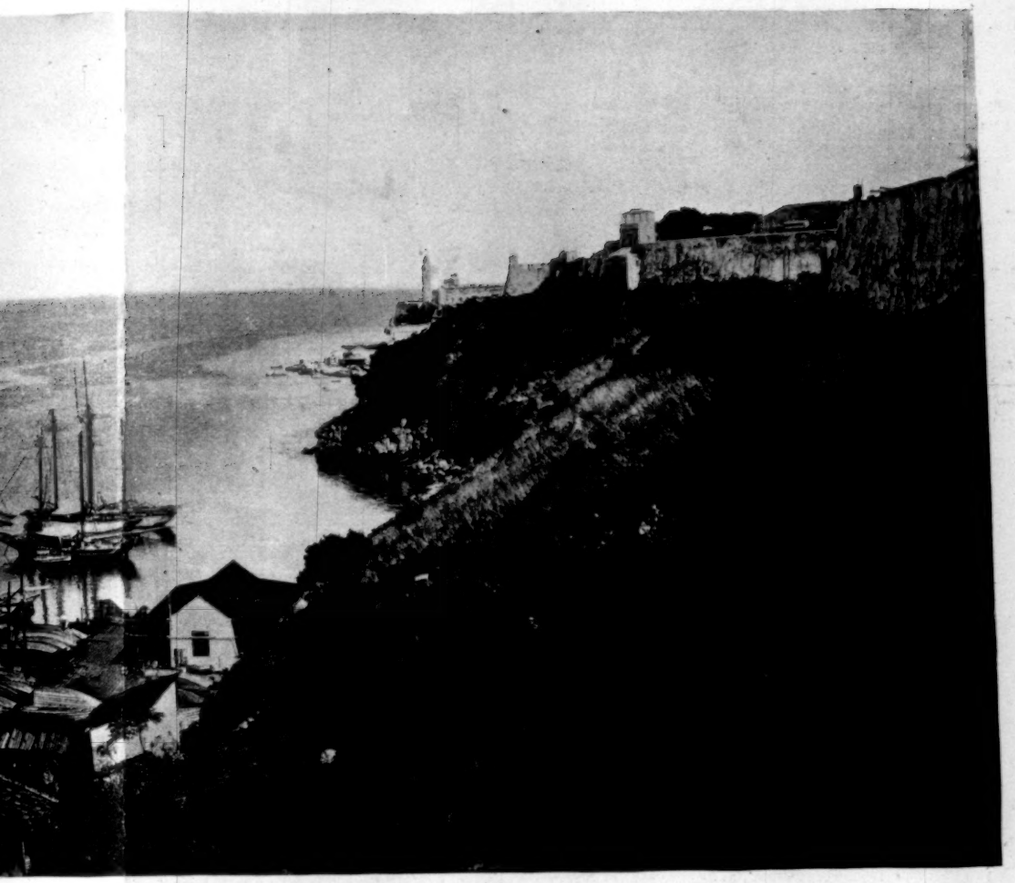
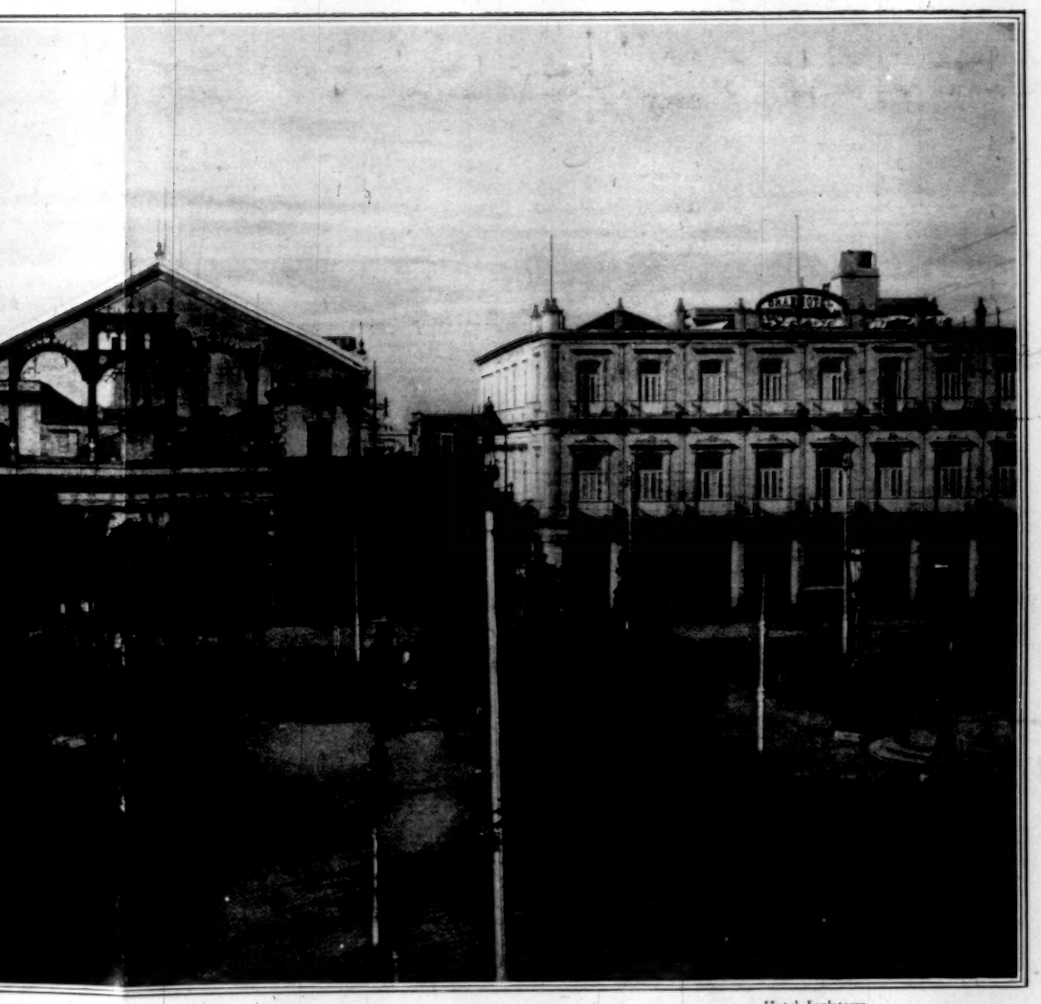
WAGONS OF THE 7TH ARMY CORPS.

Y S. A COHNER.





Teatro Theatre. CENTRAL PARK. Hotel Inglaterra.

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RAISING THE FLAG OVER CASTILLO DE LA PUNTA.

AMERICAN OFFICERS TOASTING THE OLD AND THE NEW YEARS.

Occupation of Havana

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

HAVANA, *January 2, 1899.*

AT precisely eleven o'clock on New-Year's morning the single red and yellow flag flying over the ramparts of Morro Castle was the only sign to show that Spanish sovereignty was still a fact in the island of Cuba.

It was at just about this same hour that Lieutenants Wade and Lee, the two officers appointed to raise the stars and stripes over Morro Castle and Cabañas Fortress respectively, debarked at the landing-place between these two formidable structures, with other officers, and detachments of soldiers from the First North Carolina, the Second Illinois, and the Forty-ninth Iowa.

On reaching the entrance to Morro Castle, Lieutenant Wade, Lieutenant-Colonel Birnie, Major Russell B. Harrison, and the other officers present were received at the entrance to Morro by its governor, Lieutenant José Axnar Sancho, while a guard of Spanish soldiers held outside the Castle the inevitable group of American sight-seers.

The same formalities, with the exception of keeping out American sight-seers, were transpiring over at Cabañas, where Lieutenant Lee, Lieutenant-Colonel Livermore, and the other officers were received by Lieutenant José Jiménez Cacho for the governor of Cabañas.

At Morro, Carpenter William MacDonald with several Jackies from the *Resolute* were present for the navy, while at Cabañas it was represented by Ensign Charles Webster, Boatswain William L. Hill, Gunner F. T. Applegate, and several sailors from the *Brooklyn*.

Long before the hour of twelve Lieutenant Lee found that the Spaniards had tied their lanyards into knots, and then cut them in such a manner that it was necessary to have them repaired. This was promptly done by two of the *Brooklyn's* sailors.

Returning to Morro, through the courtesy of Lieutenant Wade I was permitted to pass by the Spanish soldiers guarding the entry up to where the lowering and raising of the flags were to take place.

Up here a separate flag-staff flew signals to show that a Norwegian steamer was standing out to sea, waiting for the tariff to change.

Precisely at noon, as the minute and hour hands met at twelve, a shot from one of the war-ships in the harbor gave the signal, and the Yankee tars under Gunner Applegate over at Cabañas began firing twenty-one guns in salute of the flag of Spain, which United States post-quartermaster Sergeant P. N. Merzig, with the aid of two keepers of the Morro Light, immediately began to lower. Then the Spanish gunners under Lieutenant Cacho over at Cabañas fired twenty-one more guns in salute, while Lieutenant Wade in his full cavalry regimentals began struggling with all his might, as unassisted he hauled up to the loving breezes the largest edition of Old Glory that has ever proclaimed freedom in any land.

To add to the impressiveness of the scene, the soldiers under Major Harrison standing on the ramparts came to present arms, while all the Americans about the Castle

GENERAL BROOKE RECEIVING GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS IN THE PALACE.
DRAWN BY C. D. GRAVES AFTER A SKETCH BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

HAVANA—SCENES ATTENDING THE AMERICAN OCCUPATION.

sent up three rousing cheers, which were echoed from across the bay on the opposite shore.

When these ceremonies were completed Lieutenant Sancho, in his late quarters, turned over the keys and documents of the Castle to Lieutenant-Colonel Birnie, chief ordnance officer of the United States forces, who thereupon turned the Castle over to Major Russell B. Harrison as provost marshal. Lieutenant R. O. Patterson, of the First North Carolina Regiment, was then left in charge with ten soldiers and a non-commissioned officer until further orders.

Major Harrison, with the officers of his staff, Captain Metcalf and Lieutenant Dority of the 161st Indiana Regiment, after pausing for a few moments below, while the Spanish officers lined up for marching formation, escorted them, with Lieutenant-Colonel Birnie and Lieutenant Wade, over to Cabañas, to complete the ceremonies of the day, and to escort the Spanish officers there to their boats.

At Cabañas we found them waiting in the Cuarto de Banderas (Chamber of Flags).

Lieutenant Wade wanted to become the possessor of the Spanish flag that had been pulled down from over Morro, but here Lieutenant-Colonel Cavestany, the former governor of Cabañas and ranking Spanish officer present, told him that his orders from his commanding general were to take it with him, and that his government would hold him responsible for its safe return to Spain.

The transfer of Cabañas had already taken place, at Lieutenant-Colonel Cavestany's old quarters, where Lieutenant-Colonel Livermore had received and signed for the keys and documents of the fortress.

Here again columns were formed, and between two lines of American soldiers at present arms Colonel Cavestany and Lieutenant Sancho, late governors of Cabañas Fortress and Morro Castle, and their officers and men, passed in review out of the last of Spain's possessions in the New World.

At the landing courteous farewells were exchanged between American and Spanish officers, and under the last Spanish flags flying over military in Havana they put out in small boats for the transport *Buenos Aires*, which shortly after started out of the harbor to carry them home to their native shores.

Bertram A. Marburgh.

MUSIC

PIANISM AND WAGNERISM

"*Beckmesser.* Ein Saueres Amt!"
—*Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg.*

"*Kitty.* Your Grace loves a play?
"*Duke's Servant.* No—it is dull, old-fashioned entertainment. *I* 'ates it. *I* p-patronizes the Hopera."
—*High Life Below Stairs.*

IT is not an easy matter for a pianist, even of note, to get a liberal and distinctive hearing in this city after one of our music seasons has fairly run into its middle. Concert interests of the more assured strength and novelty have something of a quiet struggle to hold their own when January is pouring out plentiful handfuls of its operatic and theatrical attractions. Emil Sauer is reckoned by German and English judges a pianist of unquestionable aristocracy in his profession. So high a place, in fact, has been quietly filled by Mr. Sauer during at least ten or twelve years, that it is a little curious to find him such a laggard in trying conclusions with the American public. He is about thirty, a pupil of both the Rubinsteins—and each Rubinstein, not merely Anton, was great. He became, later, something of a Liszt scholar as well. Mr. Sauer has been a "pianists' pianist" in Germany. London has been cordial to him. Meantime, von Bulow, Joseffy, Rümmel, Aus der Ohe, Paderefsky, Rosenthal, Pachmann, Carreno, Busoni, are only a few players of rather particular fame who have come to us, some of them to stay here. But Mr. Sauer has not been drawn till now to the same goal. Since his débuts he has quietly gone about at home confirming his admirable reputation.

Emil Sauer.

EMIL SAUER.

JEAN DE RESZKE AS *TRISTAN*.
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Hence Mr. Sauer reaches us in the maturity of the powers that have won him his honors. For all that, as I began to say, it is not an ordinary compliment to New York's knowledge, not just a fact due to New York's amusing curiosity in making comparisons, nor yet only in reward of much tedious puffery from Mr. Sauer's "promoters," that in such a musical mid-winter this remarked artist's first concert here last week drew a large audience into demonstrations not to be excused where the incitement to them is less. From the moment that the odd-looking yet dignified musician sped from the coulisse, slipped unobtrusively to his place, and began that hackworn, tiresome E flat ("Emperor") Concerto of Beethoven, Mr. Sauer cast his own particular spell over the house, no matter who else might have woven artful pianistic ones before him. The effect of the Beethoven Concerto was magical—strangely so. He made it alive, new, interesting. And on through the solos, taken from Bach-Tausig, Schumann, and Chopin—all stock things, if not exactly stale things—the Sauer charm deepened. It culminated in as magnificently elegant, romantic, and yet solid an interpretation of Henselt's Concerto as ever one could hear. The audience applauded again and again. At the end it clattered itself tired, as New York concert crowds delight to do; and so there were two recalls as a final reward. But all the applause was deserved. Mr. Sauer's triumph had been instant and complete. Artistic superiority and truth won it. By-the-bye, the record of the evening must here contain a word praising warmly the brilliant and symmetrical aid, the concert through, of the Paur Orchestra. Mr. Paur received special tributes in his turn. Better playing of Berlioz could not be.

"Are we really likely," I asked a friend, as we came away, "to have a kind of virilized Thalbergism as our next pianistic school? Are we to have at last a fuller recognition of beauty in mere pianism, hand in hand with what liberal measure of emotionality our coming great players shall feel?" It is not wise to predict. Instead, let us hope. Mr. Sauer belongs, in a way, to the Thalbergian school of players. But to all the flashing, limpid dexterity of fingering, the singing quality in melody, a use of the piano's mezza voce that is almost unique just now, the exquisite preciseness of his technical witchery—to all that, Sauer can adjoin at will a rich volume of tone and a masculine vigor and fire that Thalbergism is not careful of illustrating. Thalberg's distinctive style, indeed, was foreign to that kind of art. Yet there is none of that pounding, jangling, roaring, and blurring certain to meet our ears when we listen to—but let me forbear to send shivers through the souls of those to whom certain tall piano kings can do no wrong. Enough to set down that Mr. Sauer is classic rather than otherwise in his quality, yet a genial modernist; that he is more conservative than disturbed in a serene yet sensitive artistic equipoise by mistaken ideas on piano-playing, exemplified of late. Mr. Sauer appears to believe that the piano-forte should be regarded as a musical instrument—mechanical, and hence to be warily managed, limited in its highest qualities—but not a noisy quartz-stamp. Moreover, save for an occasional fillip to our interest in his actual personality—which he gives us by some impulsive movement of his hand or head, or by his cardinal bow—Sauer makes us rather forget Sauer. The Sauer pianism is not acrobatic. The player can sit before the clavier while he is scattering double octaves as quietly as if he were adding up a little bill. He has no Adonisian graces, no charms of person. Instead there are a simplicity and an earnestness about the man that from the moment he gets to his work bespeak a respectful listening. That attention soon becomes enthusiasm for a pianist of the very first musical quality, in whatever Mr. Sauer may set himself to do.

The Piano-forte a Musical Machine.

Have we no need of cuneiform records on baked clay, of Wagnerian cairns, or of monoliths that shall bear for a thousand years our own Nibelungen runes? We need them, if it be true that most contemporary paper is so poorly made as to last only for a century or so. Atop of the memorable "Don Giovanni" performance at the Metropolitan Opera House, to which this department of Harper's Weekly made its grateful acknowledgments last week, have come a historical succession of wonderful Wagnerian afternoons or evenings that should lead the Oldest Inhabitants of New York, by-and-by, to tell incredible tales; tedious in garrulous brag, to all his acquaintances of, let us say, nineteen hundred and ninety-odd. Such a tale could be told of the latest "Tristan and Isolde" afternoon, and of "Lohengrin" on Monday of last week—not to speak of the "Rheingold" of Thursday, when the extra Cyclus of the Tetralogy was sumptuously begun. The most stubborn Wagnerophobe could not but relent in hearing the "Tristan" performance. What is real music from Wagner and true drama *viâ* Wagner was sung in a beauty and power beyond which operatic gifts could not further pass. The *ensemble* of declamation and of acting brought one to forgetting that more or less of the score was not music worthy such enhancement. Mr. Jean de Reszke as *Tristan* has lately surpassed himself in that tremendous part. His portrayal is like a new creation in musical tragedy, each time. Madame Lehmann as *Isolde*, ten years ago, made us forget her eminence in other rôles. But not even then did astonishment at her distinction in it throb so intensely. Mr. Van Rooy is a perfect *Kurvenal*. As for Madame Marie Brema, who has joined Mr. Grau in time for much severe service in her wide repertory, that extremely dramatic contralto is a *Brangäne* whose temperamental intensity composes powerfully into the general "Tristan" picture—to its completeness and with Madame Brema's most potent skill. But on the "Lohengrin" evening a new-coming contralto rose like a star out of the Wagnerian sea. Some weeks ago this journal published an anticipatory note on Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, and offered a rather striking portrait of her as *Ortrud*. In that part her later fame has been widening in the German operatic world. Madame Schumann-Heink's first appearance, unfortunately, has been retarded by illness till now. Curiosity has grown more positive meanwhile. The Polish singer has appeared—and already left little to desire. She has a voice that, low, full, and sonorous in general fibre, must class her as a great contralto. Along with it she has a good deal of the dramatic soprano register, by no means secondary in quality. She has a superb diction, a temperament that brings strong action, a stately presence, fine gestures—not too many—changeful force. Altogether, *Ortrud's* malignancy has not been so artistically delineated since Marianne Brandt used to give her thrilling impersonations. As Madame Nordica, the Messrs. De Reszke, and Mr. Bispham were in their finest voices during this "Lohengrin" performance, and as Mr. Schalk was wholly alert, the *ensemble* quality was exceptionally brilliant. The Mozartian value of the season—which partisans in music may call contrasted or concerted, according to their wisdom—has been sustained by "Le Nozze di Figaro" and "Don Giovanni." In the instance of the former opera the cast was changed only in presenting a new *Cherubino* in the person of Madame Marie Engle. Madame Engle was a pretty page in her *travesti*, and sweet-voiced in singing that engaging youngster's captivating songs about things which, at his tender years, he does not know, though older people do know them. The thoroughly successful début of Madame Suzanne Adams also has occurred as *Juliet*. This happy incident must not be slighted away with a line or so, and hence will be again in reference here.

The Wagner Bulletin.

The Wagnerian planet has tolerated few rival influences lately. The Castle Square Opera Company has invited its rays. Those rays, however, have a certain Röntgen penetrativeness. One can discern conclusively where the anatomy of an operatic organization is sound or is imperfect. The good work of the principals at the American Theatre in the "alternative" casts for this first Wagner venture is not equalled by the choral or orchestral quality of the presentation. Even at the Metropolitan, however, the chorus is not what its burdens demand. But the Castle Square representation is not below the routine service of many small but serious-minded German stock companies. Miss Yvonne de Treville (*Elsa*), Miss MacNichol (*Ortrud*), and Mr. Perry Averill (*Telramund*), the cast that the present writer happened to hear, threw themselves into their work with intelligence, and often with true effects as singers and in impersonaters. Comparatively regarded, "Lohengrin" is a circle that the Castle Square cannot square. Independently of comparisons, neither their attempt nor their deed confounds them. The audiences are overflowing, well pleased, and a good many hundreds of them each night probably are made musically wiser.

MARIE ENGLE AS *CHERUBINO*.

E. Irenæus Stevenson.

DRAMA

Nathan Hale (Mr. Goodwin). *Alice Adams* (Miss Elliott).

FROM "NATHAN HALE," AS PERFORMED AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE, NEW YORK.

WHETHER we care to or not, I am afraid we shall all have to have an opinion, sooner or later, as to whether Mr. David Belasco's version of "Zaza" is moral, and as to whether Mrs. Leslie Carter is the American Bernhardt; and the longer we delay in answering such burning questions, the more distasteful their discussion becomes.

The Story of *Zaza*.

Zaza (Mrs. Carter) is born and bred in the stratum of moral filth that everywhere underlies human society; but she differs from her kind in having a heart unusually large. Because of this heart, in due time she falls in love; and because of her love, being brought face to face with the fact that she is unclean, she gets ambitions. In the end she becomes a woman of power and distinction. We have here the epitome of social evolution; and the scenes through which the playwright presents it are strikingly dramatic. In the first act *Zaza*—a vaudeville star in a provincial theatre—is shown in the exuberance of her native immorality. She has undertaken, on a wager, to exert her powers of seduction over one *Dufrène* (Mr. Charles A. Stevenson), her desire of conquest being whetted by the fact that he is far better and more refined than the usual run of men she has known. After an encounter with him in her stage dressing-room, in which one sees both the strength and the tawdriness of her charms, she succeeds. In the second act, which takes place six months later in a cottage in which she is living with *Dufrène*, it transpires that she is very genuinely in love; but she now discovers that *Dufrène* has a wife and child in Paris. This throws her into a courtesan's rage, and she sets out to make a scene with her rival.

In the third act, at *Dufrène's* house, she falls in with his little daughter *Toto* (Miss Helen Thill), and the same chord that awakened to the father's refinement responds to the daughter's innocence and sweetness. She gets away without betraying what she is. The fourth act is the master moment of the play. *Zaza* is now bent on making a scene with *Dufrène* when he comes to see her again, but at sight of him her love a second time proves the stronger motive, and she welcomes him. Little by little, however, in a series of admirable passages that show the awakening of the social sense, her jealousy of the wife's gentility and respectability shows itself, and she finally comes out with it all plainly. He accuses her angrily of having betrayed him to his wife; and in vulgar resentment of his anger she says she has. His rage at this discovers the real man, selfish and unloving, and though he softens when he knows the truth, and asks for pardon, she sends him away from her. In the fifth act one sees that the struggle she has undergone has developed her temperamentally as in womanly character. She has become a great artist, and has taken Paris by storm. In the French version (by Simon and Berton) she does not, it is said, wholly quit the sphere of morals to which she was born. Mr. Belasco has made her read an excellent moral lesson to *Dufrène*, and send him back to his wife and child.

The dramatic motive reminds one of many plays, notably "Camille," and the chief situation—the one in which *Dufrène*, in his brute fear at being discovered, turns against her—is at bottom the same as in the similar crisis in "The Doll's House." Yet in texture the play is a thing by itself, vigorously and independently conceived in the main, and worked out with great structural skill. In the conception I suspected a single flaw. It does not appear that *Dufrène* knows or cares for *Zaza's* rare sincerity of heart; so that to explain why a man of his fibre is attracted by so vulgar a woman we are to suppose—at least, as the play is acted at the Garrick—that in such matters all men are reduced to their lowest terms—a violent assumption, especially in the case of a nation among whom vice has been so refined that by contrast virtue often appears underbred. As for the structure of the play, it is perhaps a weakness to give over the last act to a mere verbal explanation of the change that has taken place in *Zaza*. Such flaws, if they are flaws, are trifling; no worse than are to be found in the best of the plays one sees—in "Cyrano," in "Catherine." In vigor of motive and skill in execution "Zaza" is one of the very ablest plays of a season that has been so rich and varied in good plays.

"Zaza" as a Play.

Those who turn away from "Zaza" on moral grounds are not, I suspect, very clear in their conception of what morality is. The play is certainly not seemly. In the first act, especially, one's nose is rubbed in the social mire. But that does not endear the social mire! Rightly considered, nothing is immoral—however plainly it shows the licentiousness that still clings to the race—which does not tend to pervert our ideas of right living. "Zaza" is the epitome of morality in that it shows us how the rankness of human nature may be redeemed by the power of sincere love. This love of one woman for one man lies at the root of all social morality. If the play has an immoral moment, it is that in the last act when Mr. Belasco tries to make us believe that the social evolution which it has taken the race æons to get at—and then so very imperfectly—can be reached in one lifetime. His fault is akin to that Dumas committed in his moral whitewashing of *Camille*. He is justified by the stupidity of the Anglo-Saxon moral sense! To any one who does not stop to think, Mr. Belasco's last act is highly inspiring. The ending of the Simon-Berton version, if not more moral, is at least more true. It has the one austere virtue of modern French art—a regard for the truth of physiological psychology. In the main, however, Mr. Belasco's version is as true to the motives that underlie society as it is rich and vigorous; and when a work of art is thus true, it may be unseemly as you will, but it can scarcely be immoral.

The Immorality of "Zaza."

Mrs. Carter's conception of *Zaza* is perhaps, in one or two points, open to question. In his anger at *Zaza's* supposed betrayal, *Dufrène* calls her "tawdry, vulgar, low, betinselled." Mrs. Carter accepts this description of *Zaza's* manners literally. She is so tawdry and betinselled that the eyes get sore in watching her; she is so low and vulgar in the commoner workings of her nature that one may quite reasonably, if he chooses, refuse to spend an evening in the same theatre. In a large measure the play requires that she be so; but the French authors have been so skilful and sane in other matters, that they must have meant her to have some little charm of manner or of mind that would attract a man of taste, such as *Dufrène* obviously is. Granted Mrs. Carter's conception, she impersonates it to the life; it is a marvel to see how many kinds of tawdriness and vulgarity, distinctly and finely discriminated, one woman can show. For the emotional passages there is nothing but praise. Her impulses are rank and strong, whether they are of love or of rage; but when the moment comes for one to see the depth of her heart, the simple power of her aspirations—they are there. And her expression is as well modulated as it is true. In the scene at *Dufrène's* house one is insensibly led to forget *Zaza*, and to follow the pretty acting of the child *Toto;* but when one does catch a glimpse of *Zaza's* face, it is a revelation. Though motionless, it is wrenched and scarred by her silent pain; throughout the act one feels, almost unconsciously, the heart-break that is impending. And when the crisis comes, the power that has been held in reserve breaks out all the more wonderfully. In her methods Mrs. Carter reminds one somewhat of Bernhardt; but she is at most a Bernhardt of low life. She lacks the refining power of imagination. Yet what she has done is so true in expression that it is wiser to make no comparison, and to trust to Mr. Belasco's training, that has carried her already so far, to carry her farther.

Mrs. Carter as *Zaza*.

Mr. Hamilton Reveille. Miss Nethersole.

THE SCENE AT THE WELL, IN "THE TERMAGANT," AS PERFORMED AT WALLACK'S THEATRE, NEW YORK.

"The Termagant" at Wallack's Theatre is by Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson, the authors of the comedy "Rosemary," that Miss Maude Adams and Mr. John Drew graced with their acting; and to the futility and sentimentality of "Rosemary," "The Termagant" adds the indiscretion of blank verse. *Beatrix*, the Termagant, is a fusion of *Katherine* and *Juliet*. Her *Benedick-Romeo* is a sailor under Columbus, named *Roderigo*, who has returned from the New World. The main motive is so good that it does not need to be new, and the environment is both romantic and fresh; but the play has the structure of a jelly-fish. The first act is mainly given over to Miss Nethersole and her termagauting, which wearies one, because as the main action has not been broached, she has really nothing to be excited about. After the second act the termagant motive is spent, and we have a series of Spanish intrigues, furthered by treachery and a poisoned ring, the impossibility of which would have put to the blush the father of all Tragedy of Blood, Thomas Kyd himself. As for the convention of blank verse, it would perhaps not be safe to say that it is dead to the English stage, though of late years only one play in blank verse, Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea," has survived. Certainly if we have verse it should be written as Gilbert wrote it, as Shakspere wrote it—in the idiom of his time. The language of "The Termagant" is a clumsy and prosy imitation of the language of Elizabethan England. The only really commendable moment in the play occurred in the second act, "The Well." Here, in a scene at once amusing and impassioned, the shrew is tamed, and *Katherine* becomes *Juliet*.

"The Termagant."

The worst of such a play is that it gives full scope to Miss Nethersole's weaknesses. In her best moments she has great histrionic talent—that is self-evident. When she is blessed with a play in which the situations are true and admit of a vigorous rendering, her acting is broad and impassioned. But she has not yet the individuality of temperament that enables an actress to do an indifferent part with distinction. When re-enforced by the artificiality of "The Termagant," the artificiality of her manner is painful as only misdirected genius can be.

Miss Nethersole at her Worst.

JOHN CORBIN.

THE MAKING OF THE PEACE TREATY

By A. W. Fergusson, Interpreter to the Peace Commission

THE signing of a treaty of peace between two great nations always marks an epoch in history. Ordinarily it means the changing of nationality of thousands of individuals—their re-creation, so to speak—the recasting of maps, the making or unmaking of nations.

Therefore it has been that not only Spain and the United States, but a watching world waited in anxiety and in patience for daily news from Paris during the peace negotiations which culminated in the signing of a treaty on the night of December 10 last.

Socially the two sets of commissioners saw but little of each other, the etiquette of the occasion forbidding it. The Spanish commissioners arrived the day following the American. There was then a formal exchange of cards. The presentation to the President of the French Republic of both bodies at the same hour; a breakfast by M. Delcassé, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs; a dinner by our own ambassador to both commissions; a meeting at a matinée given by *Le Figaro*, and the reception by the President of France on the occasion of his investiture by the Spanish government with the Order of the Golden Fleece—tells the whole story of their social meetings.

Apart from the interest which attaches to the personal and individual characteristics of the ten men composing the Hispano-American Peace Commission, as a body they represented on the one side a youthful country courageously accepting its destiny among nations, though thereby it turned aside from a beaten track and assumed new and tremendous responsibilities; on the other side was a nation of age, a power that had been, taking another step in the path of decline, yet as bravely yielding to her fate as though, like the nation represented across the board, she were victor.

Whatever may be said by the historian of the future, of the Paris Peace Commission, he may not say that there was any cringing, or pusillanimity, or lack of courage or nerve shown on either side.

Apart from one or two natural outbursts from the president of the Spanish commission when it seemed to him as if the American demands were excessive, it may be safely said that never was more nerve or greater courage shown on the field of battle than that exhibited by the negotiators at Paris.

Don Eugenio Montero Rios, president of the Spanish commission, is slight of figure, a little below the average height, with the stooping shoulders and pallor of the student. His years number nearly seventy. He rarely smiles, though when engaged in debate his eye brightens up, and may glisten with intensity of feeling or flash defiance under provocation. His speech, save in moments of excitement, is measured and his words well chosen. He is not an orator. His perceptive qualities are remarkably developed, and he is a trained, sagacious, and profound lawyer. He is never at a loss for an answer, and his colleagues from beyond the Pyrenees looked to him always for guidance and support. In short, Señor Rios is a typical Spaniard of the old school, inspiring respect and well deserving the full confidence of his government. A quotation from the *Heraldo de Madrid* of October 8, 1898, will not be amiss in this connection: "'There goes Montero Rios,' said the Government, and so saying meant that Spain was playing her last card."

Señor José de Garnica, one of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of Spain, and Deputy to the Cortes, resembles more than any of his companions the Spanish-American type. His voice is low and well modulated, and he uses it with a deliberation seldom noticed on the Iberian Peninsula. He is one of the leading international lawyers and political economists of Spain.

Señor Buenaventura Abarzuza, a Senator of the kingdom, is a life-long friend and warm adherent of Emilio Castelar, the great Spanish orator. He is a man of about fifty six years of age, above the medium height, with a pleasing presence and attractive personality. He is a man of culture and refinement, and is one of Spain's most eloquent orators. He speaks English with considerable readiness, and has many traits which win popularity and esteem.

Señor Don Wenceslao Ramirez de Villa-Urrutia, Spanish Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of the Belgians, is a lawyer and professor of jurisprudence, a trained and polished diplomat, speaking several languages fluently, among them the English, and has received numberless decorations from many crowned heads for meritorious services. He is about forty-six years of age, with a slender figure, erect carriage, and a remarkably engaging personality.

Don Rafael Cerero y Saenz is a Major-General of Engineers in the Spanish army, and possessed of scientific attainments which have conquered for him great prominence in the peninsula and its former colonies. He spent fourteen years of his life in Cuba and four in the Philippines, where are to be seen evidences of his skill in the way of military roads, bridges, and fortifications.

Pursuant to the terms of the Protocol of Washington, of August 12, 1898, the first meeting of the joint commission was held on October 1. The American and Spanish commissioners met at two o'clock on the afternoon of that day, in the *Salle des Conférences* of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, at the Quai d'Orsay. The American commissioners ranged themselves on the side of the table next the windows looking out upon the garden of the Foreign Office, while the Spaniards occupied seats facing them. The secretary of each commission sat upon either side of the writer, who, as an interpreter, occupied the head of the table.

Immediately after the full powers of all the commissioners had been exhibited, the joint commission at once entered upon its labors. The Spanish commissioners were the first to open the proceedings. At this time there were only twelve present, as Secretary Ojeda of the Spanish commission did not appear until the third session. It was an interesting moment for the American representatives when the president of the Spanish commission drew from his portfolio a manuscript document and presented it to his American colleague. When it had been read and interpreted, it was discovered to be a tentative attempt on the part of the Iberian diplomats to discover the intentions of the United States with respect to the Philippine archipelago. The American commissioners, however, had framed a different programme, and had determined to take the subjects up in the order of the Protocol, which, so far as the first two articles were concerned, they considered as an executory contract, the provisions of which must be taken up and finally settled seriatim before matters which that instrument had submitted to the joint commission for discussion and determination should be considered. At the next session the American commissioners presented their reply, declining to discuss the proposition of the Spanish commission, and also a draft of two articles by them proposed to be embodied in the treaty of peace. These articles were drawn on the lines of the Protocol, and their substance was never thereafter departed from by the Americans throughout the long and wearisome debates, even when a rupture of the negotiations was threatened; and they now appear in almost identical form as the first and second articles of the definitive treaty before the United States Senate.

At the third conference, held October 7, the Spanish commissioners rejected the American proposals and presented counter-propositions. Here it was that the great bone of contention was first brought upon the scene—the Cuban debt. From this session until the tenth, held on October 27, the time of both commissions was taken up in filing memoranda and replies, propositions and counter-propositions, page upon page of type-written and manuscript matter, and in discussing the question from every point of view. The debates were always conducted through the interpreter, and in a spirit of the greatest moderation and courtesy on both sides. Sessions, which had first lasted an hour or two, were lengthened out to four and five hours; every argument that legal acumen or subtlety could suggest was advanced by the Spaniards; but the Americans were inflexible. Precedent after precedent was set up by the Iberians, only to be shorn of force and pertinency by the representatives of the United States. Arbitration was suggested, the temporary passing over of this subject and the taking up of other points of the Protocol was insinuated, but all unavailingly. Firmly, unflinchingly, the American commissioners held their ground. The future at times looked foreboding, the failure of the negotiations and renewal of hostilities seemed imminent, but the unwavering attitude of the American commissioners, who had afforded their Spanish opponents every latitude in the way of argument and appeal, brought the latter to a realization of a fact to which they had been, wittingly or unwittingly, blind—that the United States did not propose sacrificing any of the fruits of victory, however much they might be swayed by sentiments of consideration for a fallen foe. And at length a faint ray of light glimmered through the surrounding gloom. It was at the end of a protracted session that a rather dramatic incident occurred. The debate on the question of "the debt following the territory" had been on for hours; it seemed that no phase of it had not been treated fully, and patience was showing signs of fatigue, when, with considerable feeling, Señor Montero Rios remarked that the United States was treating Spain with greater harshness than Russia had treated Turkey, and added that any relinquishment of sovereignty over Cuba by Spain must embrace an obligation as to debts. The feeling and emphasis with which this statement was made produced a momentary impression that a point had been reached where one or the other party must yield or the negotiations would fail. After a slight pause the president of the American commission, entirely ignoring the reference to Russia, inquired, in a somewhat informal manner, as though not fully realizing the immense importance of the question, "Does the president of the Spanish commission intend to say that the Spanish commissioners will refuse to consider any articles as to Cuba and Puerto Rico which contain no provision for the assumption of indebtedness by the United States, or Cuba, or both?" The question was interpreted, and instantly every member of the Spanish commission turned toward their president, as though simultaneously moved by a sudden impulse, and bided his reply. Montero Rios is a man of nerve; his features are subservient to his will. Without an instant's hesitation he replied that he was not at the moment prepared to give a categorical answer, but would consider the question, and reply at the next session. From that time forward the writer never wavered in his belief that the Treaty of Paris would be borne home by the American commission.

At the following session the Spanish commissioners presented their reply to the question propounded by the president of the American commission, which was to the effect that they accepted the articles previously presented by the latter—provisionally, subject to the conclusion of a treaty of peace. Nevertheless, they revived the subject at every opportunity thereafter, for it was the great thorn in their side, for the extracting of which they would have gladly ceded every colonial possession.

It was at the eleventh session, held on October 31, that the purposes of the United States regarding the Philippine Islands were first made known to the Spanish commissioners. The American commissioners no doubt felt some anxiety as to the outcome of this meeting, although when they took their seats at the conference table no outward evidence of it was apparent. Immediately after the reading of the minutes of the preceding session, the president of the American commission handed the interpreter a single sheet of type-written matter, with the request that he read it first in English and then in Spanish. As is known, this innocent-appearing paper was a proposal for the cession by Spain to the United States of the entire Philippine archipelago. While delivering it in Spanish the writer closely watched the effect of his words upon the president of the Spanish commission; but Montero Rios's self-possession never forsook him. When the reading had been finished and the document reposed in his hands, he expressed himself, with the utmost deliberation and airy unconcern, as follows: "As the president of the American commission has remarked, this is a subject of capital importance, and requires some deliberation. We therefore ask that an adjournment be taken, so as to give us an opportunity of examining the proposition, and to decide *either to accept it as presented*, or, perhaps, to file counter-proposals." This evidence of the speaker's self-control rather nonplussed the American commissioners, who had anticipated a display of well-simulated surprise and astonishment; but the doughty hidalgo's astuteness had been acquired in the school of diplomacy; and, besides, he was a Spaniard.

During the next three weeks there were held three sessions, taken up with the filing of counter-proposals, memoranda, replies, and the discussion of the Philippine question. Again did the Spaniards bring forward every argument in support of their contention that the sovereignty of these islands had never been brought into question, and again offered to submit the matter to arbitration. It seemed to the American commissioners that differences would once more jeopardize the successful outcome of the negotiations; so, finally, at the fifteenth session, held on November 21, they presented a long memorandum, the last seven pages of which were interpreted to the Spanish commissioners, as they set forth what has been termed the American ultimatum, which gave the Spaniards a week within which to accept or reject the terms of the American commissioners. Here for the first time Montero Rios allowed his excitement momentarily to gain the ascendency over his usual placidity. When the interpreter had finished he exclaimed, in a somewhat excited manner: "If the document now presented contained only what has just been interpreted, I would be prepared to give an answer now; but as it contains much more matter, which courtesy demands we should examine, we shall need time to do this; but we do not need a week; no. Our answer will be ready by day after to-morrow." However expressive of Señor Rios's own sentiments this ebullition may have been, the fact is that the Spanish reply accepting the terms was not filed until the day named in the memorandum. During the interval there is no doubt that the president of the Spanish commission urged Señor Sagasta to permit him to resign and return home; but the Premier was obdurate, although Señor Rios demanded that he receive the unanimous instructions of the Council of Ministers to sign the treaty before he consented to proceed with the negotiations. The instructions were forthcoming.

It need hardly be added that the week from November 21 to 28, during which three separate offers of compromise were received from the Spanish commissioners, was one of intense anxiety to the American commissioners, and it was with a feeling that the crisis had passed that they hailed the Spanish acceptance of their terms, presented at the sixteenth session, on the last date above mentioned.

During the succeeding sessions, with the exception of the last, the usual calmness characteristic of Señor Montero Rios was noticeably absent. He was ill at ease, and seemed to be as anxious as the Americans to bring matters to a close, though for five sessions he argued on minor matters, which were deemed by either side to be pertinent to the issue and proper for embodiment in the treaty, with his accustomed tenacity and skill. At the session held on November 6 a number of articles proposed by the Spanish commissioners were under discussion. Among them was one referring to the disaster, in the harbor of Havana, to the battle-ship *Maine*, of sad memory, which proposed that the responsibility for the explosion be fixed by an international board composed of naval experts. The American commissioners rejected this article, remarking that the United States government, as well as they themselves, considered the *Maine* incident as closed. This remark, innocent in itself, had an electrical effect upon Señor Montero Rios. He sat upright in his chair, his face flushed, and his eyes snapped defiance. "How is it, if the United States government considers the incident as closed," he said, "that the President of the United States, in his message read to Congress on yesterday, again alluded to it in terms derogatory to Spain?"

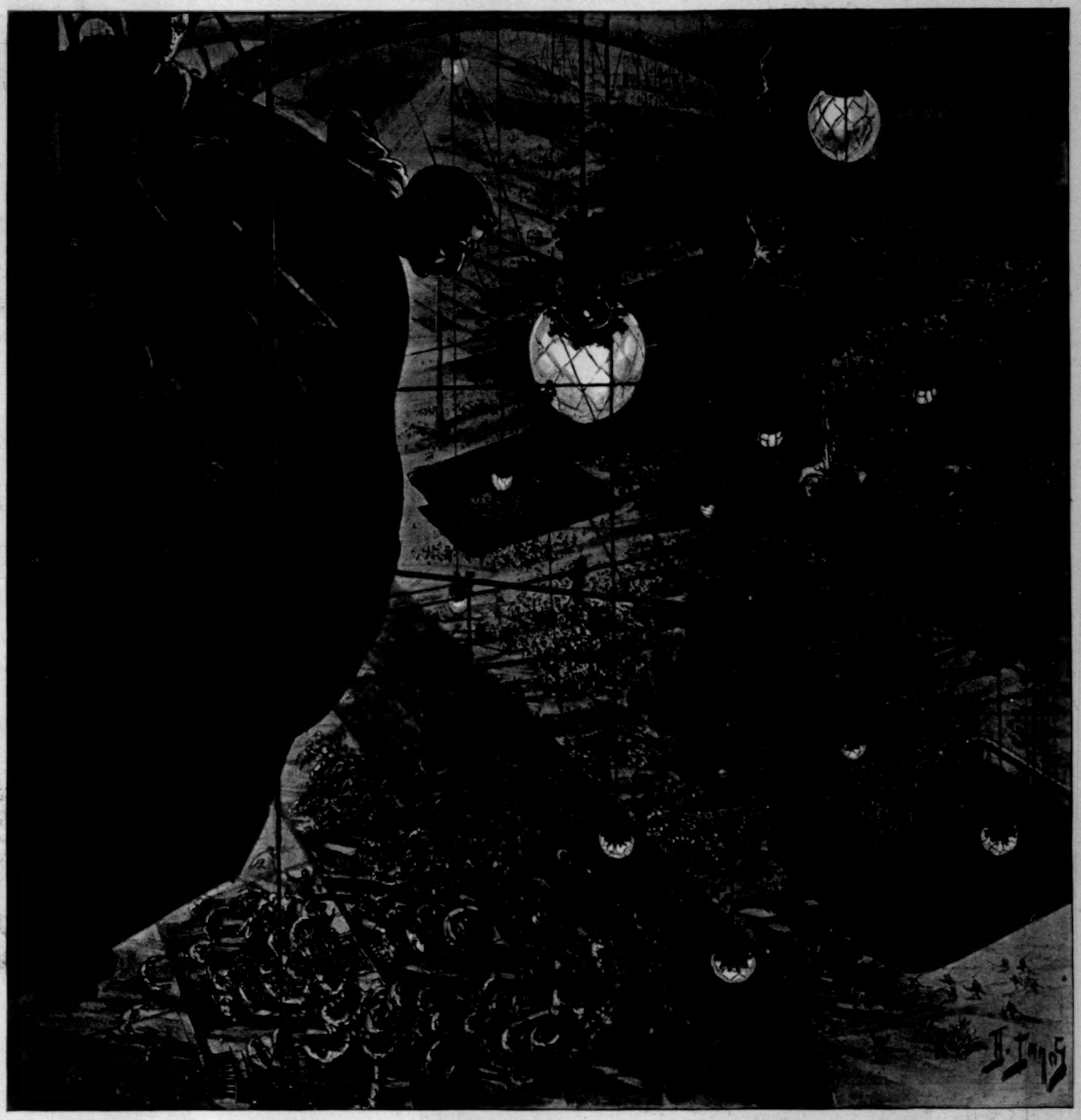
The president of the American commission replied that the American commissioners had not perused the President's message, and did not desire to discuss the matter. The Spaniard answered, "Well, I have read it, and I have copied the part to which I refer, and I have it in my pocket," at the same time striking his left breast with his right hand an energetic blow. The president of the American commission quietly rejoined that he and his colleagues did not wish to pursue the subject further, when, with a muttered "I shall discuss it at the proper time," Señor Montero Rios resumed his usual position in his chair. He did again allude to it in the last paper filed by him, which has been termed by the Spanish press his "eloquent protest."

The final scenes of the negotiations were enacted on the afternoon and evening of December 10. The joint commission met at 3.30 o'clock, and brought all formal business, other than the signing of the treaty, to a close by the reading and approving of protocol No. 22.

The engrossing of the treaty, which had been in hand the greater part of the day, not being completed, compliments were exchanged by the commissioners on both sides, who expressed their sense of the thoroughness, learning, ability, and undeviating courtesy of the opponents, and a recess was taken until 7.30 in the evening.

An hour beyond this time, in the chamber which had been the theatre of their ten weeks' labor, dimly lighted by the oil-lamps which rested on the long tables, the ten commissioners affixed their signatures to the Treaty of Paris, whereby the United States of America was transformed at a bound into a world power of the first magnitude, while Spain was reduced to a continental and exclusively European state.

The scene was an impressive one, and when one considers all that had led up to it and was behind it, it became dramatic in the extreme. Sympathy for the Spaniard as he signed away his patrimony was perhaps the prevailing sentiment, yet the memory of oppression and wrongs suffered at the hand of Spain through the centuries made equally prominent that other thought that "epics written in blood unjustly spilt are denounced by history, and will surely be avenged by time!"



When the Sleeper Wakes*

By H. G. Wells

Author of "The War of the Worlds," "The Invisible Man," "Thirty Strange Stories," etc.

CHAPTER IV.—(*Continued.*)

GRAHAM lifted his arm, and was astonished to find what strength the restoratives had given him. He thrust one leg over the side of the couch, and then the other. His head no longer swam. He could scarcely credit his rapid recovery. He sat feeling his limbs.

The man with the flaxen beard re-entered from the archway, and as he did so the cage of a lift came sliding down in front of the thick-set man, and a lean, gray-bearded man, carrying a roll, and wearing a tightly fitting costume of dark green, appeared therein.

"This is the tailor," said the thick-set man, with an introductory gesture. "It will never do for you to wear that black. I cannot understand how it got here. But I shall. I shall. You will be as rapid as possible?" he said to the tailor.

The man in green bowed, and, advancing, seated himself by Graham on the bed. His manner was calm, but his eyes were full of curiosity. "You will find the fashions altered, sire," he said. He glanced from under his brows at the thick-set man.

He opened the roller with a quick movement, and a confusion of brilliant fabrics poured out over his knees. "You lived, sire, in a period essentially cylindrical—the Victorian. With a tendency to the hemisphere in hats. Circular curves always. Now—" He flicked out a little appliance the size and appearance of a keyless watch, whirled the knob, and, behold—a little figure in white appeared, kinetoscope fashion, on the dial, walking and turning. The tailor caught up a pattern of bluish-white satin. "That is my conception of your immediate treatment," he said.

The thick-set man came and stood by the shoulder of Graham.

"We have very little time," he said.

"Trust me," said the tailor. "My machine follows. What do you think of this?"

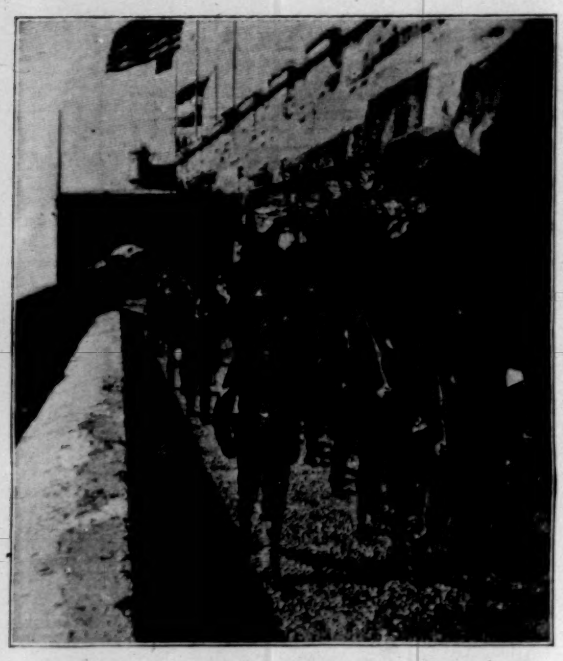
"What is that?" asked the man from the nineteenth century.

"In your days they showed you a fashion plate," said the tailor, "but this is our modern development. See here." The little figure repeated its evolution, but in a different costume. "Or this," and with a click another small figure in a more voluminous type of robe marched on the dial. The tailor was very quick in his movements, and glanced twice towards the lift as he did these things.

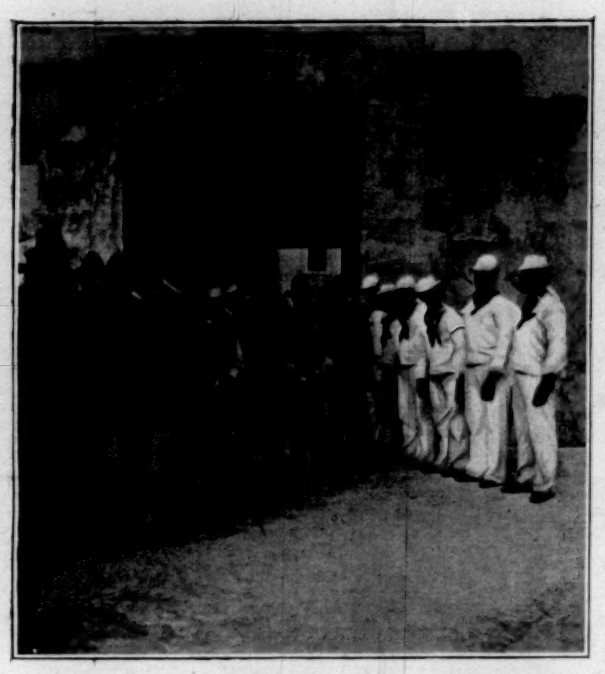
It rumbled again, and a crop-haired, staring, anæmic lad, clad in coarse pale blue canvas, appeared, together with a complicated machine, which he pushed noiselessly on little castors into the room. Incontinently the little kinetoscope was dropped, Graham was invited to stand in front of the machine, and the tailor muttered some instructions to the crop-haired lad, who answered in guttural tones, with words Graham did not recognize. The boy then went to conduct an incomprehensible monologue in the corner, and the tailor pulled out a number of slotted arms, terminating in little disks, pulling them out until the disks were flat against the body of Graham, one at each shoulder-blade, one at the elbows, one at the neck, and so forth, so that at last there were perhaps twoscore of them upon his body and limbs. At the same time some other person entered the room, by the lift, behind Graham. The tailor set moving a mechanism that initiated a faint-sounding rhythmic movement of parts in the machine, and in another moment he was knocking up the levers, and Graham was released. The tailor replaced his cloak of black, and the man with the flaxen beard proffered him a little glass of some refreshing fluid. Graham saw over the rim of the glass a pale-faced young man regarding him with a singular fixity.

The thick-set man had been pacing the room fretfully, and now turned and went through the archway towards the balcony, from which the noise of a distant crowd still came in gusts and cadences. The crop-headed lad handed the tailor a roll of the bluish satin, and the two began fixing this in the mechanism in a manner reminiscent of a roll of paper in a nineteenth-century printing-machine.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2194.



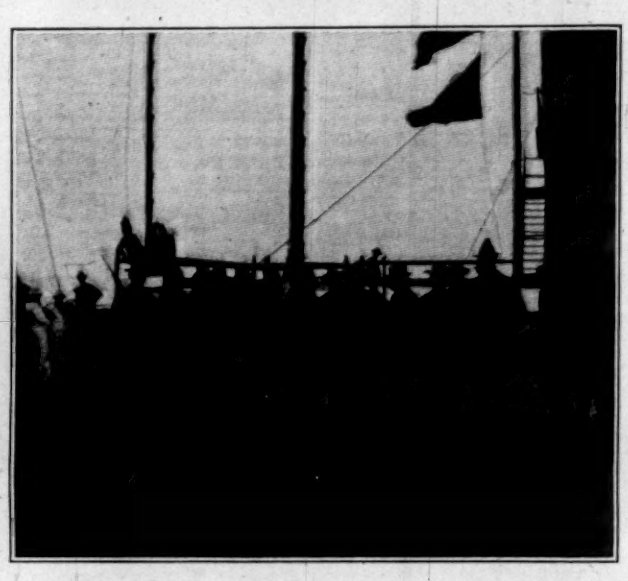
THE ESCORT MARCHING DOWN FROM MORRO.



SCENE ON MORRO CASTLE JUST BEFORE NOON.

SPANISH SOLDIERS AND ESCORT M

LIEUT.-COL. CAVESTANY AND LIEUT.-COL. LIVERMORE, U.S.V., AT CABAÑAS.



PREPARING TO MARCH FROM MORRO TO CABAÑAS.

RAISING THE AMERICAN FLAG O

Photograp

UNITED STATES TROOPS COMING DOWN MONTE STREET TO TAKE PART IN THE CEREMONIES.

Photograph by S. A. Cohner.

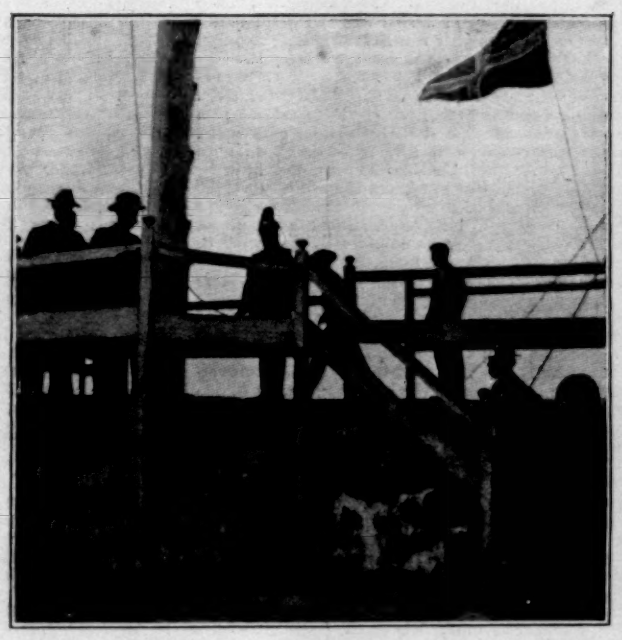
HOW FOUR MAJOR-GENERALS VIEWED THE PROCESSION.

CO

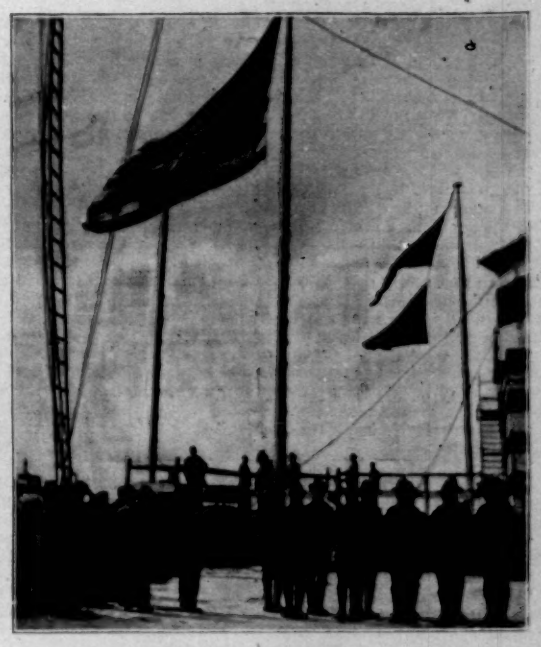
SPANIS

HAVANA—SCENES ATTENDING THE EVACUATION O

RT MARCHING DOWN FROM MORRO CASTLE.



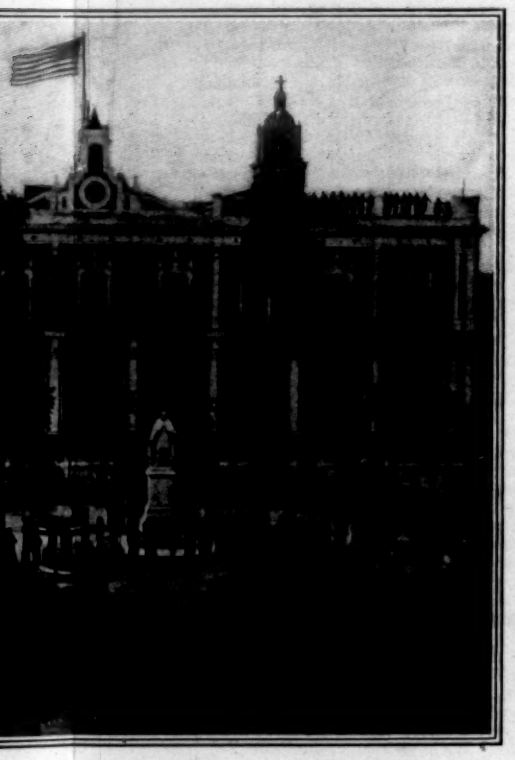
LIEUT. WADE, U.S.V., MAKING THE LANYARD FAST.



ON THE FLAG PLATFORM, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE FLAG-RAISING.

VALE, ESPAÑA!

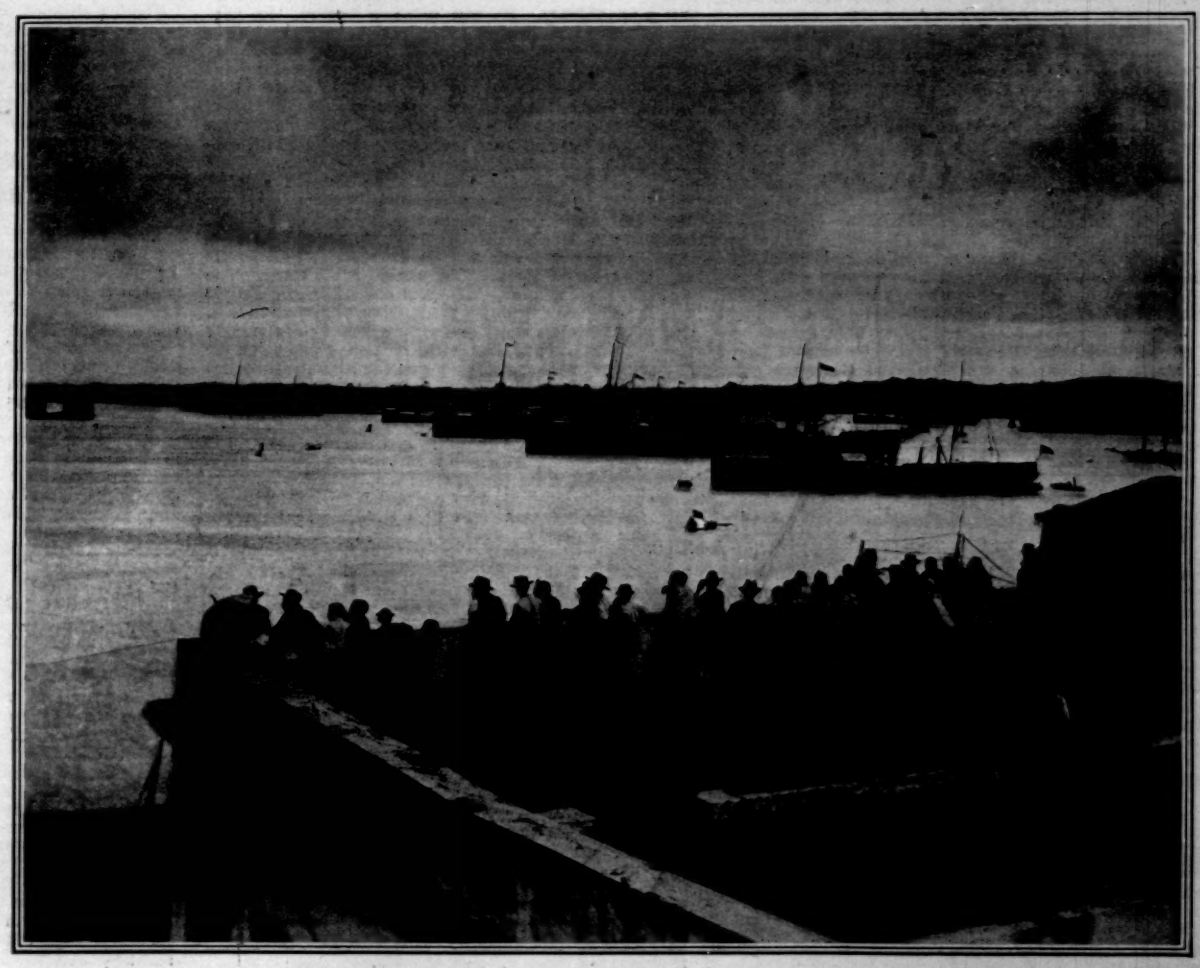
PREPARING FOR THE SALUTE AT CABAÑAS.



AG OVER THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL'S PALACE.
Photograph by S. A. Cohner.

COMING TO VIEW THE CEREMONIES.

SPANISH SOLDIERS BOUND FOR TRANSPORT.



VIEWING THE HARBOR FROM THE HOUSE-TOPS.
Photograph by S. A. Cohner.

N OF THE CITY BY THE SPANISH TROOPS.—[See Page 61.]

Then they ran the entire thing on its easy, noiseless bearings across the room to a remote corner, where a twisted cable looped rather gracefully from the wall. They made some connection, and the machine became energetic and swift.

"What is that doing?" asked Graham, pointing with the empty glass to the busy figures, and trying to ignore the scrutiny of the new-comer. "Is that—some sort of force—laid on?"

"Yes," said the man with the flaxen beard.

"Who is *that?*" He indicated the archway behind him.

The man in purple stroked his little beard, hesitated, and answered in an undertone: "He is Howard, your chief guardian. You see, sire—it's a little difficult to explain. The Council appoints a guardian and assistants. This hall has, under certain restrictions, been public. In order that people might satisfy themselves. We have barred the doorways for the first time. But I think—if you don't mind I will leave him to explain."

"Odd!" said Graham. "Guardian? Council?" Then, turning his back on the new-comer, he asked, in an undertone: "Why is this man *glaring* at me? Is he a mesmerist?"

"Mesmerist! He is a capillotomist."

"Capillotomist!"

"Yes—one of the chief. His yearly fee is sixdoz lions."

It sounded sheer nonsense. Graham snatched at the last phrase with an unsteady mind. "Sixdoz lions?" he said.

"Didn't you have lions? I suppose not. You had the old pounds? They are our monetary units."

"But what was that you said—sixdoz?"

"Yes. Six dozen, sire. Of course things, even these little things, have altered. You lived in the days of the decimal system, the Arab system—tens, and little hundreds and thousands. We have eleven numerals now. We have single figures for both ten and eleven, two figures for a dozen, and a dozen dozen make a gross—a great hundred, you know—a dozen gross a dozand, and a dozand dozand a myriad. Very simple?"

"I suppose so," said Graham. "But about this cap—What was it?"

The man with the flaxen beard glanced over his shoulder.

"Here are your clothes," he said. Graham turned round sharply, and saw the tailor standing at his elbow, smiling, and holding some palpably new garments over his arm. The crop-headed boy, by means of one finger, was impelling the complicated machine towards the lift by which he had arrived. Graham stared at the completed suit. "You don't mean to say—!"

"Just made," said the tailor. He dropped the garments at the feet of Graham, walked to the bed on which Graham had so recently been lying, flung out the translucent mattress, and turned up the looking-glass. As he did so a furious bell summoned the thick-set man to the corner. The man with the flaxen beard rushed across to him and then hurried out by the archway.

The tailor was assisting Graham into a dark-purple combination garment, stockings, vest, and pants in one, as the thick-set man came back from the corner to meet the man with the flaxen beard returning from the balcony. They began speaking quickly in an undertone; their bearing had an unmistakable quality of anxiety. Over the purple under-garment came a complex but graceful garment of bluish-white, and Graham was clothed in the fashion once more, and saw himself sallow-faced, unshaven, and shaggy still, but at least naked no longer, and in some indefinable, unprecedented way graceful.

"I must shave," he said, regarding himself in the glass.

"In a moment," said Howard.

The persistent stare ceased. The young man closed his eyes, reopened them, and, with a lean hand extended, advanced on Graham. Then he stopped, with his hand slowly gesticulating, and looked about him.

"A seat," said Howard, impatiently, and in a moment the flaxen-bearded man had a chair behind Graham. "Sit down, please," said Howard.

Graham hesitated, and in the other hand of the wild-eyed man he saw the glint of steel.

"Don't you understand, sire?" cried the flaxen-bearded man, with hurried politeness. "He is going to cut your hair."

"Oh!" cried Graham, enlightened. "But you called him—"

"A capillotomist—precisely! He is one of the finest artists in the world."

Graham sat down abruptly. The flaxen-bearded man disappeared. The capillotomist came forward with graceful gestures, examined Graham's ears and surveyed him, felt the back of his head, and would have sat down again to regard him but for Howard's audible impatience. Forthwith, with rapid movements and a succession of deftly handled implements, he shaved Graham's chin, clipped his mustache, and cut and arranged his hair. All this he did without a word, with something of the rapt air of a poet inspired. And as soon as he had finished, Graham was handed a pair of shoes.

Suddenly a loud voice shouted—it seemed from a piece of machinery in the corner: "At once—at once. The people know all over the city. Work is being stopped. Work is being stopped. Wait for nothing, but come."

This shout appeared to perturb Howard exceedingly. By his gestures it seemed to Graham that he hesitated between two directions. Abruptly he went towards the corner where the apparatus stood about the little crystal ball. As he did so the undertone of tumultuous shouting from the archway that had continued during all these occurrences rose to a mighty sound, roared as if it were sweeping past, and fell again as if receding swiftly. It drew Graham after it by an irresistible attraction of amazement and curiosity. He glanced at the thick-set man, and then obeyed his natural impulse. In two strides he was down the steps and in the passage, and in a score he was out upon the balcony upon which the three men had been standing.

CHAPTER V.

THE MOVING WAYS.

HIS first impression was one of overwhelming astonishment at the greatness of the architecture that opened out as he came down the passage. He went to the railings of the balcony and leaned forward. An exclamation of surprise at his appearance, and the movements of a number of people came up from the spacious area below.

The place into which he looked was an aisle of titantic buildings, curving away in a spacious sweep in either direction. Overhead mighty cantilevers sprang together across the huge width of the place, and a tracery of some translucent material shut out the sky. Gigantic globes of cool white light shamed the pale sunbeams that filtered down through the girders and wires. Here and there a gossamer suspension-bridge, dotted with foot-passengers, flung across the chasm, and the air was webbed with slender cables. A cliff of edifice hung above him, he perceived as he glanced upward, and the opposite façade was gray and dim, and broken by great archings, circular perforations, balconies, buttresses, turret projections, myriads of vast windows, and an intricate scheme of architectural relief. Athwart these, horizontally and obliquely, ran inscriptions in an unfamiliar lettering. Here and there, close to the roof, cables of a peculiar stoutness were fastened, and drooped in a steep curve to circular openings on the opposite side of the space, and even as Graham looked at them a remote and tiny figure of a man clad in pale blue arrested his attention. He was far overhead across the space, beside the higher fastening of one of these festoons, hanging forward from a little ledge of masonry, and handling some wellnigh invisible strings dependent from the line. Then suddenly, with a swoop that sent Graham's heart into his mouth, this man had rushed down the curve and vanished through a round opening on the hither side of the way.

Graham had been looking up as he came out upon the balcony, and the things he saw above and opposed to him had at first seized his attention, to the exclusion of anything else. But suddenly he discovered the roadway! It was not a roadway at all, as Graham understood such things, for in the nineteenth century the only roads and streets were beaten tracks of motionless earth, jostling rivulets of vehicles between narrow footways. But this roadway was three hundred feet across, and it moved; it moved, all save the middle, the lowest part. For a moment the motion dazzled his mind. Then he understood.

Under the balcony this extraordinary roadway ran swiftly to Graham's right, an endless flow rushing along as fast as a nineteenth-century express train, an endless platform of narrow, transverse, overlapping rods, with little interspaces that permitted it to follow the curvature of the street. Upon it were seats, and here and there little kiosks, but they swept by too swiftly for him to see what might be therein. From the nearest and swiftest platform a series of others descended to the centre. Each moved to the right, each perceptibly slower than the one above it, but the difference in pace was small enough to permit any one to step from any platform to the one adjacent, and so to walk uninterruptedly from the swiftest to the motionless middle space. Beyond the middle space was another series of endless platforms rushing with varying speed to Graham's left; and seated in crowds upon the widest and swiftest two platforms, or stepping from one to another down the steps, or swarming over the central space, was an innumerable and wonderfully diversified multitude of people.

"You must not stop here!" shouted Howard, suddenly at his side. "You must come away! you must come away!"

Graham made no answer. He heard without hearing. The current on the platforms ran with a roar, and the people were shouting. He perceived women and girls with flowing hair, beautifully robed, with bands crossing between the breasts. These first came out of the confusion. Then he perceived that the dominant note in that kaleidoscope of costume was the pale blue that the tailor's boy had worn. He became aware of cries of "The Sleeper! What has happened to the Sleeper?" and it seemed as though the rushing platforms before him were suddenly spattered with the pale buff of human faces, and then still more thickly. He saw pointing fingers. He perceived that the motionless central area of this huge arcade was densely crowded with pallid blue-clad people just opposite to the balcony. Some sort of struggle had sprung into life. People seemed to be pushed up the running platforms on either side, and carried away against their will. They would spring off as soon as they were beyond the thick of the confusion, and run back towards the conflict.

"It is the Sleeper! Verily it is the Sleeper!" shouted voices. "That is never the Sleeper," shouted others. More and more faces were turned to him. At intervals along this central area Graham noted openings, pits, the heads of staircases going down apparently, with people ascending out of them and descending into them. The struggle, it seemed, centred about one of these. People would come running down the moving platforms to this, and would run up again and return, leaping dexterously from platform to platform. The clustering people on the higher platforms seemed to divide their interest between this point and the balcony. A number of sturdy little figures clad in a uniform of bright red, and working methodically together, were employed, it seemed, in preventing access to this descending staircase. Their brilliant color contrasted vividly with the whitish-blue of their antagonists, for the struggle was indisputable.

He saw these things, with Howard shouting in his ear and shaking his arm. And then suddenly Howard was gone and he stood alone.

He perceived that the cries of "The Sleeper!" grew in volume, and that the people on the nearer platform were now standing up, and many of them running obliquely across the slower-moving platforms. The nearer, swifter platform, he perceived, was empty to the right of him, and far across the space the platform running in the opposite direction was coming crowded, and passing away bare. With incredible swiftness a vast crowd gathered in the central space before his eyes; it became a swaying mass of people, and the shouts grew from a fitful crying to a voluminous, incessant clamor: "The Sleeper! the Sleeper!" and yells and cheers, a waving of garments, and cries of "Stop the ways!" They were also crying another name, strange to Graham. It sounded like "Ostrog." The slower platforms were thick with active people, running against the movement, so as to keep themselves opposite him.

"Stop the ways!" they cried. Agile figures ran up swiftly from the centre to the swift road nearest to him, were borne rapidly past him, shouting strange, unintelligible things, and ran back obliquely to the central way. One thing he distinguished: "It is indeed the Sleeper! It is indeed the Sleeper!" they testified.

For a space Graham stood without a movement. Then he became vividly aware that all this concerned him. He was pleased at his wonderful popularity; he bowed, and seeking a gesture of longer range, waved his arm. He was astonished at the violence of uproar that this provoked. The tumult about the descending stairway rose to furious violence. He became aware of crowded balconies, of men sliding along ropes, of men in trapezelike seats hurling athwart the space. He heard voices behind him, a number of people descending the steps through the archway; he suddenly perceived that his guardian, Howard, was back again and gripping his arm painfully, and shouting inaudibly in his ear.

He turned, and Howard's face was white. "Come back!" he heard. "They will stop the ways! The whole city will be in confusion!"

He perceived a number of men hurrying along the passage of blue pillars behind Howard—the red-haired man, the man with the flaxen beard, a tall man in vivid vermilion, a crowd of others in red carrying staves, and all these people had eager, anxious faces.

"Get him away!" cried Howard.

"But why?" said Graham. "I don't see—"

"You must come away!" said the man in red, in a resolute voice. His face and eyes were resolute too. Graham's glances went from face to face, and he was suddenly aware of that most disagreeable flavor in life, compulsion. Some one gripped his arm. He was being dragged away. It seemed as though the tumult suddenly became two, as if half the shouts that had come in from this wonderful roadway had sprung into the passages of the great building behind him. Marvelling and confused, feeling an impotent desire to resist, Graham was half led, half thrust, along the passage of blue pillars, and suddenly he found himself alone with Howard in a lift and moving swiftly upward.

Howard's face was flushed deeply, his brows were knit, and his lips opened and shut without a sound.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HALL OF THE ATLAS.

FROM the moment when the tailor had bowed his farewell, to the moment when Graham found himself in the lift, was altogether barely five minutes. And as yet the haze of his vast interval of sleep hung about him, as yet the initial strangeness of his being alive at all in this remote age touched everything with wonder, with a sense of the irrational, with something of the quality of a realistic dream. He was still detached, an astonished spectator, still but half involved in life. What he had seen, and especially the last crowded tumult, framed in the setting of the balcony, had a spectacular turn, like a thing witnessed from the box of a theatre. "I don't understand," he said. "What was the trouble? My mind is in a whirl. Why were they shouting? What is the danger?"

Howard looked at him keenly. "We have our troubles," he said, with shifty eyes. "This is a time of unrest. And, in fact, your appearance, your waking just now, has a sort of connection—"

He spoke jerkily, like a man not quite sure of his breathing. He stopped abruptly.

"I don't understand," said Graham.

"It will be clearer later," said Howard.

He glanced uneasily upward, as though he found the progress of the lift slow.

"I shall understand better, no doubt, when I have seen my way about a little," said Graham, puzzled. "It will be—it is bound to be perplexing. At present it is all so strange. Anything seems possible. Anything. In the details even. Your counting, I understand, is different."

The lift stopped, and they stepped out into a narrow but very long passage between high walls, along which ran an extraordinary number of tubes and big cables.

"What a huge place this is!" said Graham. "Is it all one building? What place is it?"

"This is one of the city ways for various public services. Light, and so forth."

"Was it a social trouble—that—in the great roadway place? How are you governed? Have you still a police?"

"Several," said Howard.

"Several?"

"About fourteen."

"I don't understand."

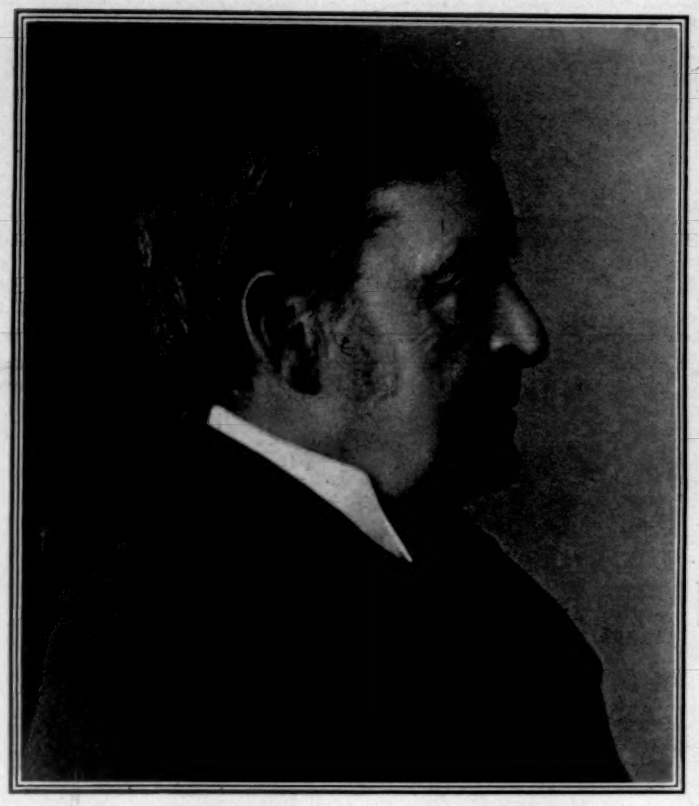
"Very probably not. Our social order will probably seem very complex to you. To tell you the truth, I don't understand it myself very clearly. Nobody does. You will perhaps—by-and-by. We have to go to the Council."

Graham's attention was divided between the urgent necessity of his inquiries and the people in the passages and halls they were traversing. For a moment his mind would be concentrated upon Howard and the halting answers he made, and then he would lose the thread in response to some vivid unexpected impression. Along the passages, in the halls, half the people seemed to be men in the red uniform. The pale blue canvas that had been so abundant in the aisle of moving ways did not appear. Invariably these men looked at him, and saluted him and Howard as they passed.

He had a clear vision of entering a long corridor, and there were a number of girls sitting on low seats, and as though in a class. He saw no teacher, but only a novel apparatus, from which he fancied a voice proceeded. The girls regarded him and his conductor, he thought, with curiosity and astonishment. But he was hurried on before he could form a clear idea of the gathering. He judged they knew Howard, but not himself, and that they wondered who he was. This Howard, it seemed, was a person of importance. But then he was also merely Graham's guardian. That was odd.

There came a passage in twilight, and into this passage a footway hung so that he could see the feet and ankles of people going to and fro thereon, but no more of them. Then vague impressions of galleries and of casual astonished passers-by turning round to stare after the two of them with their red-clad guard.

The stimulus of those clear fluids he had taken was only temporary. He was speedily fatigued by this excessive haste. He asked Howard to slacken his speed. Presently he was in a lift that had a window upon the great street space, but this was glazed and did not open, and they were too high for him to see the moving plat-



JOSEPH H. CHOATE, OF NEW YORK,
Ambassador to Great Britain.—[See Page 74.]

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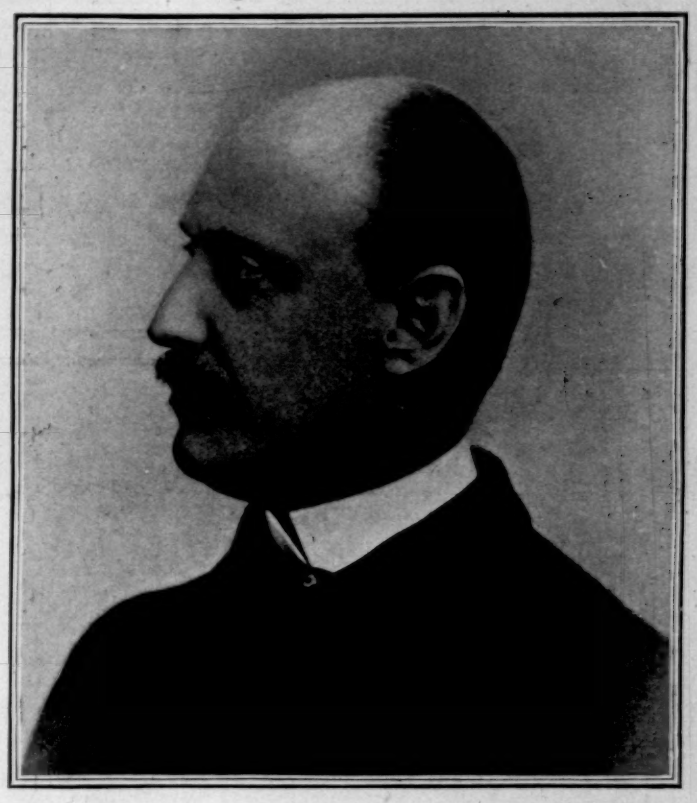


CHARLEMAGNE TOWER, OF PENNSYLVANIA,
Ambassador to Russia.—[See Page 74.]

forms below. But he saw people going to and fro along cables and strange, frail-looking bridges. And thence they passed across the street and at a vast height above it. They crossed by means of a narrow bridge closed in with glass so clear that it made him giddy even to remember it. The floor of it also was of glass. From his memory of the cliffs between New Quay and Boscastle, so remote in time, and so recent in his experience, it seemed to him that they must be near four hundred feet above the moving ways. He stopped, looked down between his legs upon the swarming blue and red multitudes, minute and foreshortened, struggling and gesticulating still towards the little balcony far below—a little toy balcony, it seemed—where he had so recently been standing. A thin haze and the glare of the mighty globes of light obscured everything. A man seated in a little open-work cradle shot by from some point still higher than the little narrow bridge, rushing down a cable as swiftly almost as if he were falling. Graham stopped involuntarily to watch this strange passenger vanish in a great circular opening below, and then his eyes went back to the tumultuous struggle. Along one of the swifter ways rushed a thick crowd of red spots. This broke up into individuals as it approached the balcony, and went pouring down the slower ways towards the dense struggling crowd on the central area. These men in red appeared to be armed with sticks or truncheons; they seemed to be striking and thrusting. A great shouting, cries of wrath, screaming, burst out and came up to Graham, faint and thin. "Go on," cried Howard, laying hands on him.

Another man rushed down a cable. Graham suddenly glanced up to see whence he came, and beheld through the glassy roof and the net-work of cables and girders, dim rhythmically passing forms like the vanes of windmills, and between them glimpses of a remote and pallid sky. Then Howard had thrust him forward across the bridge, and he was in a little narrow passage decorated with geometrical patterns.

"I want to see more of that," cried Graham, resisting.

"No, no," cried Howard, still gripping his arm. "This way. You must go this way." And the men in red following them seemed ready to enforce his orders.

Some men in a curious wasplike uniform of black and yellow appeared down the passage, and one hastened to throw up a sliding shutter that had seemed a door to Graham, and led the way through it. Graham found himself in a gallery overhanging the end of a great chamber. The attendant in black and yellow crossed this, thrust up a second shutter, and stood waiting.

This place had the appearance of an anteroom. He saw a number of people in the central space, and at the opposite end a large and imposing doorway at the top of a flight of steps, heavily curtained, but giving a glimpse of some still larger hall beyond. He perceived men in red and other men in black and yellow standing stiffly about those portals.

As they crossed the gallery he distinctly heard a whisper from below, "The Sleeper," and was aware of a sudden turning of heads, a hum of observation. They entered another little passage in the wall of this antechamber, and then he found himself on an iron-railed gallery of metal that passed round the side of the great hall he had already seen through the curtains. He entered the place at the corner, so that he received the fullest impression of its huge proportions. The man in the wasp uniform stood aside like a well-trained servant, and closed the valve behind him.

Compared with any of the places Graham had so far seen, this second hall appeared to be decorated with extreme richness. On a pedestal at the remoter end, and more brilliantly lit than any other object, was a huge white figure of Atlas, strong and strenuous, the globe upon his bowed shoulders. It was the first thing to strike his attention, it was so vast, so patiently and painfully real, so white and simple. Save for this figure and for a dais in the centre, the wide floor of the place was a shining vacancy. The dais was remote in the greatness of the area; it would have looked a mere slab of metal had it not been for the group of seven men who stood about a table upon it, and gave an inkling of its proportions. They were all dressed in white robes; they seemed to have arisen that moment from their seats, and they stood steadfastly regarding Graham. At the end of the table he perceived the glitter of some mechanical appliances, and across it all the shadow of the Atlas fell.

Howard led him along the end gallery until they were opposite this mighty laboring figure. Then he stopped. The two men in red who had followed them into the gallery came and stood on either hand of Graham.

"You must remain here," murmured Howard, "for a few moments," and, without waiting for a reply, hurried away along the gallery.

"But *why*—?" began Graham.

He moved as if to follow Howard, and found his path obstructed by one of the men in red. "You have to wait here, sire," said the man in red.

"*Why?*"

"Orders, sire."

"Whose orders?"

"Our orders, sire."

Graham looked his exasperation.

"What place is this?" he said, presently. "Who are those men?"

"They are the Lords of the Council, sire."

"What Council?"

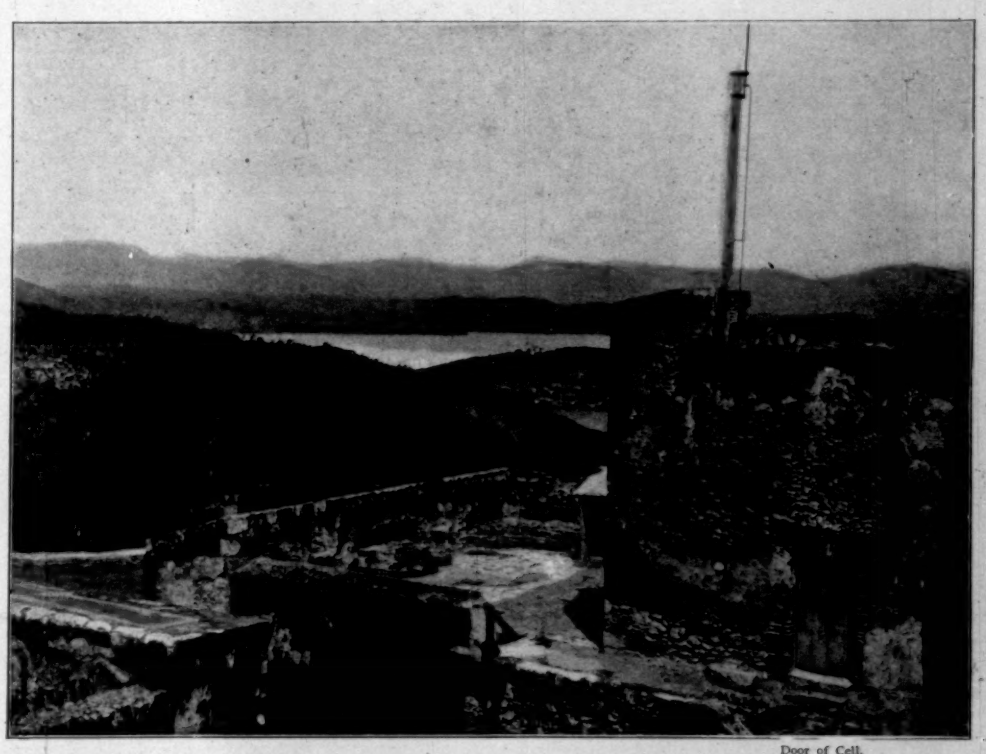
"*The* Council."

"Oh!" said Graham, and after an equally ineffectual attempt at the other man, went to the railing and stared at the distant men in white, who stood watching him and whispering together.

The Council? He perceived there were now eight, though how the new-comer had arrived he had not observed. They made no gestures of greeting; they stood regarding him as in the nineteenth century a group of men might have stood in the street regarding a distant balloon that had suddenly floated in view. What Council could it be that gathered there, that little body of men beneath the significant white Atlas, secluded from every eavesdropper in this impressive spaciousness? And why should he be brought to them and looked at strangely and spoken of inaudibly? Howard appeared beneath, walking quickly across the polished floor toward them. As he drew near he bowed and performed certain peculiar movements, apparently of a ceremonial nature. Then he ascended the steps of the dais, and stood by the apparatus at the end of the table.

Graham watched that visible inaudible conversation. Occasionally one of the white-robed men would glance towards him. He strained his ears in vain. The gesticulation of two of the speakers became animated. He glanced from them to the passive faces of his attendants. When he looked again, Howard was extending his hands and moving his head like a man who protests. He was interrupted, it seemed, by one of the white-robed men rapping the table.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Door of Cell.

SANTIAGO—CELL IN MORRO CASTLE WHERE LIEUTENANT HOBSON WAS IMPRISONED.

The Black Fliers

By Cy Warman

Being the Story of the great Transcontinental Mail-Train Race of January 2, 1899

MONDAY, JANUARY 2, was the date fixed by Uncle Sam for the shrinking of the continent. Beginning with that day, the North Atlantic and Pacific coasts were brought thirteen hours nearer to each other.

A fast mail-train left Boston; another left New York; the two flowed together at Buffalo, and entered Chicago over the Lake Shore. At the same time the eastbound service left the Pacific coast and began a race across the continent. Hundreds of thousands of government and railway officials and employés were intensely interested in the new service.

Fourteen years ago the government wanted to make a contract with the railroads for carrying the mails west of Chicago. The West was not very great at that time, and the mail not important. The Chicago and Northwestern declined, but the Burlington took the mail, and has kept it ever since. From year to year, as it has improved the service, the Chicago and Northwestern, whose lines lay parallel with those of the Burlington, has tightened up its time-card, keeping pace with the improved service of the mail road.

Our recently acquired possessions in the Pacific Ocean have increased the volume and importance of the mail, and now the Northwestern, having grown jealous of its formidable rival, would like to have the business. So long as the service on the Burlington is satisfactory to the government, it would seem that there is not much necessity for a change; but if the Northwestern could show a better service for a week straight, it could justly say to the government, "We ought to have the business," and that, as I understand it, is the object of this contest. It is not a race. The Northwestern has simply made a time-card to correspond with the fast-mail service on the Burlington, and night after night, as the fast mail speeds westward, it will run beside her, and the enthusiastic and patriotic people of America looking on shall see what they shall see.

All day the driver of the black flier that was to take the fast mail out of Chicago worked about the big machine, going underneath, coming out of the pit, and working round and round. Every nut and bolt, from the point of the pilot to the tail of the tank, was tightened or tested. All day a sympathetic crowd of employés, from the master-mechanic to the call-boy, stood about looking at the quiet steed that was to play an important part in the most important race in the history of this (to their minds) the most important railroad on earth. There was not a spot upon her blue-black jacket that the fireman did not dust a dozen times that day; and then the wipers came, squat upon their waste-boxes, and wiped her wheels and links and rocker-arms. The coal-tender had been emptied and filled with fresh fuel, the water-tank had been washed out, and all the feed-pipes and air-pipes cleansed and tested.

When night came on, the driver wiped his hands on a piece of soft wool waste and went away to supper. Now the night shift came and lighted lamps all about the black racer, and a watchman walked up past the point of her pilot and down by the tail of her tank, never losing sight of the engine.

It was not that the one road feared the other; but there are always dangerous men who have been discharged for incompetency, or who may have a grudge against an official, or who may be jealous of the crew. A man might steal up to the side of an engine, loosen a set screw, and with a single blow of a copper hammer, that could not be heard a hundred feet, send a key-wedge so tight that the pin would be ablaze in the first five miles. A small bit of soap in the feed-hose would make her froth, foam, and sputter, and lose the race that means more than a million to the management. To be sure, the prize for which they were contesting was only three-fourths of a million, but it was worth as much more in glory to the winner.

At eight o'clock the driver came back, threw the stub of a cigar into the pit, and donned his over-clothes. The fireman was already in the cab, and now the driver touched the throttle. The big racer stirred, and moved slowly out of her stall. A moment later she swung majestically on the table, as a great ship turns in a wide harbor, stopped, and then backed away to her train.

And as these men had handled the engine at Chicago, so had other engines been made ready at the division stations all along the line.

At noon, January 3, Superintendent Troy, of the Railway Mail Service, said the Lake Shore was an hour and a half late. At 4 P.M. she was thirty minutes late. At nine o'clock, when the engine backed to the fast mail, the Post Office Department asked the railway officials to hold the west-bound Burlington train fifteen minutes, and they agreed to do it. But the Lake Shore was not fifteen minutes late. She came to a stop two minutes ahead of time. The hundreds of mail-bags were thrown into eighteen waiting wagons, and the horses galloped away for the Burlington station. For more than an hour a force of men had been loading the cars, and now, to increase the rush, the Pennsylvania fast mail pulled in alongside the Burlington tracks, and the employés began piling off mail from Baltimore, Pittsburg, Washington, and Philadelphia.

In an incredibly short space of time the trucks were cleared, the signal was given, and at 9.25 the wheels of the big black Baldwin began to turn. She tightened her traces, and the "people's train" moved out of the shed only ten minutes late. A big crowd had gathered to see the start, and now they cheered and waved their hats as the train pulled out. The rail was slippery from the constant dripping of over-oiled yard engines, and it was not until we had made the last crossing stop and put the lights of the city behind us that she was able to hold the rail.

"You can throw your watch in the clothes-box," said the master-mechanic to the engineer; "you won't want it to-night."

That meant that he might go as fast as the wheels could turn, because we were ten minutes late. But the driver held on to his watch.

The General Passenger Agent had wired playfully that the General Manager would be on board the fast mail, and would be pleased to have the representative of Harper's Weekly in the engine cab, provided he would promise not to fall out of the window. The pledge was made, and I shudder now to think how very nearly it came being broken.

When the big engine had passed the "get-yer-bag-gage, get-yer-bag-gage" point, when the stack had begun to flutter incoherently, the General Manager, who stood immediately behind me, shouted in my ear, "Thirty-eight miles, forty-two minutes!" We had made two full stops at crossings. We were passing Aurora on time.

Well, it did not seem fast. A seven-foot wheel is deceiving. At each revolution—and they come as fast as a Frenchman can say "zip, zip, zip, zip"—she goes three feet farther than a six-foot wheel will go.

The Burlington locomotives take water from stand pipes and tanks. At Mendota the driver closed the throttle, the "pop" flew open, and, amid a smell of brimstone, this one hundred and thirty thousand pounds of steel and coal and water was held back and stopped almost within a train-length. While the brakeman filled the tank, the engineer and his fireman, each with a blazing torch, darted about the engine, dropping a little oil here and there, and in a few moments we were off again.

The run to Galesburg, which is 163 miles out, was uneventful. The driver was actually killing time. At Galesburg the General Manager showed his good judgment and went back to the rear. Now a handsome young man with a sketching outfit came and stood behind me in the cab. He would make sketches of the men as they worked. In three minutes he became uneasy, in four minutes he had shoved his apparatus between the waste-box and the wall, and a moment later was hanging on for dear life. I learned from the General Manager before he left me that Burlington, the next stop, lay at the foot of a 40-mile slope; 40 miles of down hill, leaving Galesburg a few minutes late, and a driver with a devilish desire to give the deadheads a whirl for their money, made a picture that I did not enjoy. A mile a minute on a straight track is all right; but when you pass that point, and begin to hit curves, and reverse curves, pitched for 45 posts and hit them at 65, it is hard on the nerves. You find yourself straining to the curve to help hold the engine on the rail until your sides ache, and she goes around apparently on one rail; then when she finds the tangent you get another shock. Now, you say, here the rail runs straight away, and the next moment this great bulk, these thousands of pounds of steel and coal and water and you, darts suddenly to the right, and you think she has left the rail; but she is only switching to the proper channel of a double track.

The artist kept asking me to guess at the speed she was going, and said he had heard some prediction that we would touch a 90-mile gait before we reached the river. "Is that not 90?" he asked; but I had not the nerve or voice to answer. On she went like a Kansas cyclone, swinging over culverts and bridges, now gliding down a swale, and then turning suddenly to the right or left, following the bend of the low bluffs. On she swept through sags and over swells. Through curves and canyons the grimy driver steered the big machine, playing with danger like a man who is unhappily married. Now, as she rolled and pitched, so that I was obliged to kick the seat down, the artist grabbed my arm again. "Now?" he asked. I nodded yes emphatically; for if she was not making 90 miles, she was not moving.

Presently, with a wild shriek, we shot out upon the long bridge, and a moment later were beyond the Mississippi and in the real West.

Softly now, and without any show of pride in what he had done, my companion stole out of the cab and into one of Uncle Sam's letter-wagons.

Burlington is 206 miles, and, by this run, four hours west of Chicago. One engine crew had brought us the entire distance. They had earned their wages quickly, but, as the General Manager observed, marking the performance of the fireman, they earned every bit of it.

Here we gave up the 590 for another engine, with a wheel four inches lower. At each zip, zip, she would not go as far by a foot as the other did, but her "zips" came close together, like the click of the sickle in a mowing-machine, and in a little while the rail was rushing beneath her throbbing throat like a swiftly, smoothly running river.

The pale remnant of a hold-over moon, worn thin like an old brake-shoe, came out of the east, peeped over my shoulder, and shone along the cold steel beyond the flash of the head-light. I began to nod, for it was far past midnight. Now this engine began to roll just as the other did. The cab window slammed up against my head, and immediately I was wide awake. Somewhere Field has recorded the fact in rhyme that the farther west you go, the redder grows the paint; and now I observed that the farther west we got, the harder these daring drivers hit the curves. After leaving the engine the General Manager said to the newspaper men, standing wide-legged in the swinging mail-cars, that this driver had been on the fast mail for a dozen years. Well, I should not care to hazard even a guess that he will be there twelve years from to-night if he keeps up this gait. So far we have touched every town on time, and often ahead of time. At a flag-station we had four minutes to kill. When the time was up, the engineer gave them the bell, and got a "stop" signal from a hand-lamp in the rear. A gaunt youth put his hand up to the side of his face and yelled at the engineer, "Hot hub on letter-wagon."

Cooling the box we lost eleven minutes, leaving seven minutes late. Seven minutes later the driver, having relighted his cigar stub, was swinging us around curves that were not put there to be used in that way. There was no flutter from the stack now, but a steady roar—a wild hoarse cry. The black flier leaped and rolled and plunged so that the bell, driven by steam, hiccoughed and stammered, until some one reached over and shut it off. In a few minutes we crashed through a small station, and as the green and white lights brushed by our windows the driver yelled over the boiler-head at me, "On time." In twenty-six miles we had made up seven minutes, and dashed into Creston, Iowa, two minutes before we were expected.

INTERIOR OF UNITED STATES MAIL-CAR.

The fresh engine slipped and fretted. The driver touched the three-way cock to see that the air was off. He opened the sand-valve once or twice, and immediately we felt the fine gravel crushing beneath her cold wheels, felt her lifting the train, felt the west wind pushing hard against the front of the cab, and pulled our heads inside. The driver, appreciating the importance of the run, seemed a little impatient because she slipped again, after getting well under way, and, instead of helping her out by quickly closing the throttle—just for a second—he dropped sand under her and allowed her to catch herself as best she could, as the driver of a trotter, when the horse breaks, whips him down to his work again instead of holding him up. Almost instantly she found her feet, and away she went, sniffing and snorting in the frosty night. But the steel was cold and hard and glassy, and now and again she would get away. Her wheels would whirl so furiously that the driver dared not hold his throttle wide. The moment she slipped he gripped the lever to help her if she failed to catch herself, and at the same instant a faithful fireman opened the furnace door, so as to prevent her tearing her fire in holes and pasting her flue-sheet with the fuel, that is like thick black-strap in a white-hot fire-box. Always above the roar of the wheels you could hear the low burr of the injector that was throwing thirty-five gallons of water a minute into the big boiler—more than half a gallon a second it took to cool her burning thirst.

When the pointer on the steam-gauge touched the blow-off mark, and a ribbon of white steam fluttered away above her back, the fireman left the door ajar to save the water that would thus be wasted, and the watchful driver opened the injector the least bit wider to save the fuel. At other times I would hear the singing of the left-hand injector in addition to the one that was feeding the engine regularly, and it sang in my ear above the roar of the train, precisely as a locust sings on a tree twig close beside your head, and in a moment, with the heavy click of the check-valve, I would hear him shut it off again. Here

are some more curves and reverse curves, the passing of which makes the blood chill, and makes you tremble and feel yourself face to face with eternity, for it seems impossible now for her to hold the rail. Frankly, for the first time in my life I felt every hair on my head tingle at the roots; and then came the sweetest music that ever smote my ear—the hiss and blow of the three-way cock. Three times this dare-devil driver let off air, and clamped the brake-shoes to the wheels that were whirling at a mile and a half a minute. Ah, that did me good. He too had felt her tremble; had felt her shake, slam, and wrestle with the rail on that reverse curve—a curve scarcely perceptible to the naked eye, and one that would not be felt by a passenger on board the Denver Limited, but a curve so wicked and severe that it froze my blood for a second; but now the driver, who, after all, is but human, and in no great hurry to meet his Maker, saw that he had reached the limit, and began to steady her. The clamp of the brake-shoes soon brought her down to a smooth gait, and she trembled away through the night, with opposing passenger trains, long creeping freight trains, and sleeping villages brushing by us like ghosts in the night.

Always at the furnace door I saw the fireman watching and working—for on an express engine these soot-soiled heroes watch each other and work together as two finished musicians play a duet. The fireman is going to school now. Here he receives the education that will fit him for the post at the right-hand side of the cab. When he has stood three, four, or five years at the furnace door, marking each move made by the engineer, he will be able to do the trick. He will be a better runner than can be produced by promoting an expert machinist who has not the necessary road experience. A man may be able to build a bicycle, but if he has never been on board one, he will not be able to steer until he has mastered that, which is another trade.

This Burlington fast mail is not the only flier, abroad to-night. A few miles to the north, and only a little way behind us, we are reasonably sure that the Chicago and Northwestern's splendid locomotive is trembling up through the dawn—engines as fine and fast as money can buy, and over a roadbed that is scarcely to be excelled anywhere upon this continent. Side by side, almost neck and neck, they are racing with us over this 500-mile course, and not a man among us but believes that we shall be at the river on time, and that when the moment arrives for the rival train to show up it will be there on the strike of the clock. No, this is not a race to see who can go quickest from the great railroad centre to the river. To inaugurate such a scheme as that would be wicked and dangerous, for no man knows the limit of the speed of these black fliers. That can only be determined by putting one of them in the ditch. Then, gazing on the ruin, we might truthfully say she had reached the limit. This time is fast enough, and I believe it can be made on either road on an average of 360 days in a year.

We are making it so easily now that it does seem at times slow, but a half-thousand miles in a little over ten hours is not bad.

Still, at the furnace door I see the sturdy fireman, and upon the open face of the steam-gauge read the record of his work—the net result in pounds of steam. Without his brain and brawn and unerring swing of his scoop we should not be able to make time. He plays his part, and is a part of the business, just as the grim stoker in the bowels of the battle-ship helps the admiral to overhaul and sink the enemy. The General Manager in his office directs the movements of the whole fleet, but the man in the cab is "fighting the ship." He is at once the captain and the gunner, and we all know the responsibility and the importance "of the man behind the gun."

Now we are rolling again, rolling up through the dawn of the morning, and the roll of the engine rings the bell.

Away out there in the dawn lays a long gray line of fog, marking the trail of the Missouri. With a long triumphant cry the big machine relaxes, slows down, and stops and stands quite still. Only the air-pump breathing softly, and the flutter of steam from the dome, and the burr of the injector cooling off the boiler show that she lives. I feel like pulling the pin and letting her go leisurely down and cool her feet in the "Big Water."

THE RETURN TRIP.

In the middle of the afternoon the Union Pacific fast mail, east bound, came over the long bridge and stood her cars, gray with the dust of the "deserts" of Utah, Wyoming, and Nebraska, beside our empty train. Deftly now, and almost as quickly as a shell-man shifts the pea under the half-hull of the walnut, the east-bound mail is transferred to our empty train, and at 3.55 we begin the long race from the river back to Chicago. The time east bound is thirty minutes faster than scheduled going west. For hours we put the towns behind us just as it had been arranged by the time-card. In addition to the regular train now we have the General Manager's private car, which had gone west the day before "deadhead." If the engineer can make time with the extra car behind, it will give the management and the men additional confidence. Hour after hour General-Manager Brown, the General Superintendent, the master-mechanic, and your correspondent sat watching the pointer on the speed-recorder. It is very interesting to see the pointer go up and up and up, then back again, only to return and try to reach a still higher point on the next level stretch of road. These fast trains do not cross the continent ignoring small towns. At almost every county-seat we stop, pick up and discharge mail matter, so that all the people get the benefit of the service, and not the great cities alone. These stops, with the necessary stops for water and for changing and oiling engines, take up a great amount of time, so that the pointer on the speed-recorder has to play constantly about the mark that indicates a mile a minute. At midnight, east of Galesburg, when the indicator showed eighty miles an hour, we wrote notes to each other, the General Manager and I, to show that we could write at that rate of speed. They were not beautiful specimens of handwriting, but probably as good as either of us could do at our desks. At 2.09 in the morning, when all the good people of the great city were asleep, we slipped into Chicago, six minutes ahead of time, having made the round trip of a thousand interesting miles.

Sixty-minute intervals found the train at the following distances (miles) from Chicago:

	Miles.		Miles.
End of first hour	55.0	End of sixth hour	303.4
End of second hour	112.0	End of seventh hour	352.3
End of third hour	162.5	End of eighth hour	396.3
End of fourth hour	205.8	End of ninth hour	447.4
End of fifth hour	250.5	End of tenth hour	489.9

The average speed for each hour was as follows:

	Miles.		Miles.
First	55.0	Sixth	50.5
Second	56.2	Seventh	50.3
Third	54.3	Eighth	49.5
Fourth	51.5	Ninth	49.6
Fifth	50.3	Tenth	48.5

General dimensions of Engine 590:

Gauge	4′ 8½″
Cylinders	19″ x 26″
Drivers	84″
Tank capacity	5,000 gallons
Total weight, engine working order	128,700 pounds

The Great South Railway Station

THE Great South Railway Station in Boston, the largest edifice of its kind in the world, was opened for use on the first day of this year. It provides terminal facilities for two great railway companies—the New York, New Haven, and Hartford, and the Boston and Albany, thus accommodating the several trunk lines that enter the city on the south. It was first suggested by the Hon. Josiah Quincy, just before his first inauguration as Mayor, three years ago, and construction was begun a little less than two years ago. The new station is centrally located, in the heart of the business section of Boston.

The city co-operated with the railway companies by rearranging the street system about the station, at an enormous cost. The location, at the corner of Summer Street and Atlantic Avenue, with one side of the station bordering the harbor-front along a broad street, is exceptionally good for a monumental effect. Approached by Federal or Summer Street, the effect of the magnificent curving façade, with its breadth of 875 feet, is imposing.

The station was built and is owned and operated by the Boston Terminal Company, composed of trustees representing the several railroad corporations that furnished the funds. It was planned and designed by George B. Francis, resident engineer, and Shepley, Rutan, & Coolidge, architects. The total frontage on three streets is 2190 feet. The building covers 13 acres, and there are 22 acres of yard-room besides. The maximum dimensions of the building are 850 × 725 feet. The head house on Summer Street and Atlantic Avenue is five stories high, and above the first story is occupied by the offices of the Terminal Company and the railway companies. The vast train-shed is 602 feet long by 570 feet wide, and has a height of 112 feet. The light and delicate-looking steel trusses of the enormous roof have a clear sweep in one great curve from side to side, upheld by three spans that divide the area into what might be call a nave and two aisles.

A remarkable feature is the practical doubling of the train capacity by providing for the suburban service in a "subway" space beneath the main platforms of the train-shed, where the great width of the station enables the construction of two loops of tracks, over which, by the use of either electricity or compressed air—which will probably be adopted for the suburban services of the railways entering the station—two thousand trains daily, in and out, can be accommodated. As soon as all the railways begin using the station there will enter and leave it 25,000,000 persons a year. The twenty-eight stub-tracks on the main floor of the train-shed will be used by 710 trains a day.

The great waiting-room is a noble hall, palatial, though simple, in architectural design and decoration, 225 feet long, 65 feet wide, and 28½ high. The station contains every possible facility for the accommodation and comfort of the public in the way of restaurant service, an emergency-room, etc., down to such thoughtful provisions as cribs and cradles in the homelike room for women.

Aside from the fine façade, the impression made by the building is that of a work of engineering rather than architecture. It has not the feeling of monumental beauty pervading all parts that characterizes such great stations as those of Frankfort, Hanover, Berlin, and other German centres. The engineering character, without decorative grace, asserts itself on all sides. The train-shed, for instance, is essentially beautiful in the grace of its structural character, but, on the other hand, the great "midway" space, at the head of the tracks, loses much of the impressiveness of the vista down its exceeding length by the low-hanging trusses of its roof, where a system of arched trusses would have grandly enhanced the effect. All of which shows the need of instruction in artistic design in the curriculum of the engineering student.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

RECIPES SENT FREE.

THE N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., New York, send free upon request a pamphlet of recipes very valuable to housekeepers. They are the proprietors of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Best infant food.—[*Adv.*]

A REMARKABLE TRAIN TO FLORIDA.

FLORIDA SHORT LINE LIMITED, via Pennsylvania R. R., Southern Ry., and Florida Central and Peninsular R. R., resumes service Jan. 16th. Dining, Library, Observation, Compartment, and Drawing Room sleeping-cars, New York to St. Augustine; also Drawing-Room sleeping-car to Aiken, S. C. Two other Fast Express trains with perfect sleeping-car service to Florida, Aiken, Brunswick, and Augusta. N. Y. Offices, 271 and 353 Broadway.—[*Adv.*]

A health giver and a health preserver: ABBOTT'S, the ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS. At druggists'. —[*Adv.*]

LADIES take DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS when low spirited. It brightens them up.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

You cannot have sound teeth without a skilful dentist and a good dentifrice. The dentist does his expert mechanical work at certain intervals and

Sozodont

does what is called the prophylactic work every day of your life, if you use both the liquid and powder regularly. Both forms in a single package for one price at all drug stores.

A sample phial of the liquid SOZODONT and copy of Dr. Colburn's pamphlet, "The Care of the Teeth," for five cents, provided you mention HARPER'S WEEKLY. Address, P. O. Box 247, N. Y. City.

HALL & RUCKEL
NEW YORK LONDON

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guarantee of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. NEW YORK, N.Y.
For Sale by all Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle.

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Beeman's
The Original
Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.

The Easiest Writing Pen Made NOTHING LIKE IT.
ESTERBROOK'S
POSTAL No. 477
Turned up Point.

Ask your Stationer.
One Hundred and Fifty other Styles.
The ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.
Works, Camden, N. J. 26 John St., N. Y.

BOKER'S BITTERS
The oldest and best Specific against dyspepsia; an appetizer and a promoter of digestion.
Ask your Grocer, Liquor Dealer, or Druggist.

A Key THAT LOCKS ANY DOOR.
It is but 2¼ in. long, weighs less than 1 oz., and will securely lock any door or window. Everybody wants one. Price, 25 cents. Address
WHITE MFG. CO., Ithaca, N. Y.

THE CELEBRATED
PIANOS Are the favorite of the Artist.
SOHMER
PIANOS and the refined musical public
New York Warerooms, SOHMER BUILDING, 170 5th Ave. Cor. 22d Street.
CAUTION-- The buying public will please not confound the genuine Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade. S-O-H-M-E-R
THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS

FIFTY-FOURTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Nos. 346 and 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

JOHN A. McCALL, = = = = = = President.

BALANCE SHEET, JANUARY 1st, 1899.

ASSETS.

United States, State, City, County, and other Bonds (cost value $115,687,034), market value, Dec. 31, 1898	$121,579,619
Bonds and Mortgages (777 first liens)	39,002,758
Real Estate (68 pieces, including 12 office buildings)	16,539,000
Deposits in Trust Companies and Banks, at interest	8,434,786
Loans to Policy-holders on their policies as security (legal value thereof, $16,000,000)	9,818,600
Loans on Stocks and Bonds (market value, $9,229,702)	7,390,845
Stocks of Banks, Trust Companies, &c. ($4,532,086 cost value), market value, Dec. 31, 1898	6,050,831
Premiums in transit, reserve charged in Liabilities	2,280,188
Quarterly and Semi-Annual Premiums not yet due, reserve charged in Liabilities	2,087,274
Interest and rents due and accrued	1,440,487
Premium Notes on policies in force (legal value of policies, $2,500,000)	1,320,423
Total Assets	$215,944,811

LIABILITIES.

Policy Reserve (per certificate of New York Insurance Department)	$175,710,249	
All other Liabilities: Policy Claims, Annuities, Endowments, &c., awaiting presentment for payment	2,358,383	$178,068,632
Additional Policy Reserve voluntarily set aside by the Company	2,838,626	
Surplus Reserved Funds voluntarily set aside by the Company	26,414,234	
Other Funds for all other contingencies	8,623,319	37,876,179
Total Liabilities		$215,944,811

CASH INCOME, 1898.

New Premiums	$7,644,715	
Renewal Premiums	27,987,933	
TOTAL PREMIUMS		$35,632,648
Interest on:		
Bonds	$5,740,819	
Mortgages	1,940,937	
Loans to Policy-holders, secured by reserves on policies	628,638	
Other Securities	391,353	
Rents received	875,741	
Dividends on Stocks	221,780	
TOTAL, INTEREST, RENTS, &c.		9,799,268
Total Income		$45,431,916

EXPENDITURES, 1898.

Paid for Losses, Endowments, and Annuities	$15,390,978
Paid for Dividends and Surrender Values	6,128,888
Commissions ($3,320,904.33) on New Business of $152,093,369; Medical Examiners' Fees, and Inspection of Risks ($449,428)	3,770,332
Home and Branch Office Expenses, Taxes, Advertising, Equipment Account, Telegraph, Postage, Commissions on $791,927,751 of Old Business and Miscellaneous Expenditures	5,208,754
Balance—Excess of Income over Expenditures for year	14,932,964
Total Expenditures	$45,431,916

INSURANCE ACCOUNT,
ON THE BASIS OF PAID-FOR BUSINESS ONLY.

	NUMBER OF POLICIES.	AMOUNT.
In Force, December 31, 1897	332,958	$877,020,925
New Insurance Paid for, 1898	73,471	152,093,369
Old Insurances revived and increased, 1898	835	2,129,688
TOTAL PAID-FOR BUSINESS	407,264	$1,031,243,982
DEDUCT TERMINATIONS:		
By Death, Maturity, Surrender, Expiry, &c	33,330	87,222,862
PAID-FOR BUSINESS IN FORCE DECEMBER 31st, 1898	373,934	$944,021,120
Gain in 1898	40,976	$67,000,195
New Applications Declined in 1898	6,142	15,986,836

COMPARISON FOR SEVEN YEARS.
(1891-1898.)

	Dec. 31, 1891.	Dec. 31, 1898.	Gain in Seven Years.
Assets	$125,947,290	$215,944,811	$89,997,521
Income	31,854,194	45,431,917	13,577,723
Dividends of Year to Policy-holders	1,260,340	2,759,432	1,499,092
Total Payments of Year to Policy-holders	12,671,491	21,519,865	8,848,374
Number of Policies in Force	182,803	373,934	191,131
Insurance in Force, premiums paid	$575,689,649	$944,021,120	$368,331,471

Certificate of Superintendent of State of New York Insurance Department.

Albany, January 6, 1899.

I, LOUIS F. PAYN, Superintendent of Insurance of the State of New York, do hereby certify that the NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, of the City of New York, in the State of New York, is duly authorized to transact the business of Life Insurance in this State.

I FURTHER CERTIFY that, in accordance with the provisions of Section Eighty-four of the Insurance Law of the State of New York, I have caused the policy obligations of the said Company outstanding on the 31st day of December, 1898, to be valued as per the Combined Experience Table of Mortality, at four per cent. interest, and I certify the same to be $175,710,249.

I FURTHER CERTIFY that the admitted assets are

$215,944,811.

The General Liabilities, $2,358,383. The Net Policy Reserve, as calculated by this Department, $175,710,249, making the Total Liabilities per State Laws,

$178,068,632.

The Additional Policy Reserve voluntarily set aside by the Company,

$2,838,626.

The Surplus Reserved Funds voluntarily set aside by the Company,

$26,414,234.

Other Funds for all other contingencies,

$8,623,319.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name and caused my official seal to be affixed at the City of Albany, the day and year first above written.

LOUIS F. PAYN, Superintendent of Insurance.

AMATEUR SPORT

GOLF IN THE SOUTH-LAND

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

IN January, 1895, the Palmetto Club of Aiken, South Carolina, opened a nine-hole course for winter golfing. A few months later the Swannanoa Country Club of Asheville, North Carolina, followed suit, and, little by little, the sport gained a foothold at St. Augustine, Thomasville, and other winter resorts. In its first beginnings golf at the South was an exotic, played and supported almost entirely by Northern visitors, and the first purely representative Southern club was the one founded at Chattanooga in September, 1896. To-day there are some three dozen golf-courses in the section south of the Potomac and east of the Mississippi river—a slow development as compared with the progress of the game in the North and West.

The reason for this apparent lack of enthusiasm for the royal and ancient game is not difficult to discover. It has always been considered that the game can only be played over good firm turf, and, as everybody knows, there is very little true grass south of the Virginias. The "bunch" and "joint" grasses of Carolina, and the Bermuda of Georgia and Florida, are but a poor substitute for the close firm turf of northern latitudes, and it speaks volumes for the energy and enthusiasm of Southern golfers that the game is played at all under conditions so adverse. What would a Scotch golfer say to a course like that at Chattanooga, where there is hardly a blade of green stuff on the entire playing area, excepting a little strip at the ninth hole, directly on the bank of the Tennessee River? Or how would one of our imported professional green-keepers fancy the problem of making a fair green through a Florida pine-land, where the Bermuda creepers must be laboriously tamped in by hand, three or

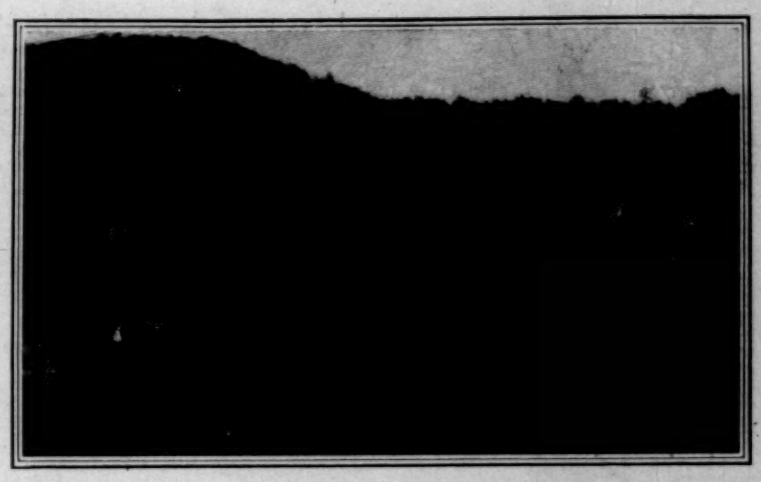
THE FIRST TEE, WASHINGTON GOLF CLUB.

four inches apart, over the entire course—the transforming of one gigantic sand bunker into playable ground? Curiously enough, the question of practicable putting-greens, at first sight the most insuperable of difficulties, is really the easiest part of the problem. The Southern green-keeper boldly cuts the knot by not attempting them at all; he makes "browns" instead of "greens"—level surfaces of hard-packed clay covered with a light sprinkling of fine sand. The "browns" at Aiken are models of their kind, true and smooth, and running up to one hundred feet in diameter. The light sprinkling of sand gives a drag to the ball, and the putts run wonderfully true, although of course such a surface affords but little opportunity for exercise in the more subtle refinements of the holing-out process. For inland courses south of Asheville "browns" are much more satisfactory in every way than "greens" made of the thin and wiry country grass, and much easier to keep in order. Along the east coast of Florida it is possible to get the Bermuda grass into fairly good shape for putting-greens, but the turf has to be kept trimmed very short in order that the ball may not catch in the vinelike creepers of the roots. At the St. Augustine Club the greens are cut by means of a long-handled scythe sharpened to a razor edge, and the artist must be as particular in his work as though he were actually shaving a patron of exceedingly sensitive cuticle and uncertain temper. Various experiments have been made from time to time in the direction of planting rye and other grains as a substitute for grass, but the results have not been satisfactory. The growth soon runs into a wiry stubble that has to be constantly renewed, and even at its best it is not a good putting surface. At Magnolia Springs, on the St. Johns River, the experiment has been tried of seeding the holes with Bermuda, and then covering them with an inch or two of beaten clay. The idea is that as the clay is softened by the rains the grass will push its way up, and that the clay will then act the part of a consistent foundation for the roots. The mere growing of the grass is not the difficult part of the problem on a Florida golf-course; the trouble arises from the fact that the soil is of so loose and sandy a texture that the grass roots have nothing to bind them together; there is no sole to the turf, to use the expressive Scottish idiom.

Take, for example, the fair green on the course of the St. Augustine Country Club, which is laid out on the lowlands bordering the Matanzas River. The green is beautiful to the eye, but, as Lillywhite, the veteran groundsman of the Meadow Club, expresses it, "It looks fine, sir, but there's no body to the creature." The turf needs the binding agency of a clayey substratum to keep it together; given that, and the fair green of the St. Augustine Country Club would compare very favorably with that of the average sea-shore course on Long Island.

Such are some of the difficulties attendant upon the construction and up-keep of a golf-course in the grassless portions of the South-land, and it may be readily understood that the injunction "Replace the divots" means something upon a course like that of the Florida Country Club at Jacksonville, where much of the fair green has been literally planted by hand. For all that, golf, and good golf too, may be played in the South, and all true golfers are aware of the pleasure that may be found in holing an unfamiliar course and coping with difficulties hitherto untried, and perhaps undreamed of. A day's ride in the Florida "Limited" will land the golfing pilgrim either at Asheville or Aiken, unless he prefers to begin with shorter stages, and so work his way southward step by step.

In the latter case, Baltimore may be his first stopping-place, and excellent golf may be had on the course of the Country Club. The club is reached by an electric line of street cars, and is distinguished for beauty of situation and for the perfection of its appointments. As ever, golf is the chief attraction, and the eighteen-hole course should in time rank with the best. The general nature of the country is rolling, and there is a remarkable variety in the play for the various holes.



THE MEADOW TEE, BALTIMORE COUNTRY CLUB.

The national capital is but forty miles away, and has long been one of the recognized centres of the game. Indeed, the Washington Golf Club is one of the oldest on the roster of the U.S.G.A., and its links, situated upon the beautiful Arlington Heights, of the Virginia side, are excellent in every way. The present course is one of nine holes, but it is to be extended this season to eighteen. The fair and putting greens are four years old, and the hazards, both artificial and natural, are placed with good judgment. The principal feature of the present course is the hazard for the tee-shot at the fifth hole. It consists of a deep ravine with a wind-break of forest trees at the bottom. It is a terrifying hazard for the stranger, and one of the members of the club is responsible for the assertion that Willie Park, Jr., who played several rounds of the course when he visited the club three years ago, did not succeed in carrying it a single time. And yet the wind-break is but a hundred yards away, and a ball to clear it need only rise thirty-five feet above the horizontal line of the teeing-ground. The local players smile when the visitors foozle, and the latter have only the resource of declaring that such play is not golf. The feature of the new part of the course will be a putting-green that is to be made within the enclosure of an old earth-work.

One may also play golf at Chevy Chase, eight miles out from the city, and easily accessible by means of a trolley line. Golf is a new adjunct to polo and hunting at the Chevy Chase Club, but, as usual, it is already more than holding its own with the older sports. The course is one of nine holes, aggregating 2466 yards in playing distance. The turf is very good, and the sodded putting-greens are of generous size. The land lies flat, and some of the holes are consequently rather tame play. Nine new holes are to be added this season, and the full links will have a playing length of something over 5800 yards. With the addition of new hazards for some of the greens, necessitating the employment of the lofted approach, the course could be made much more sporty and interesting.

Although golf at Asheville is now in its third season, the present course was only laid out a year ago, and the new addition of nine holes has only just been thrown open for play. The old nine-hole course is a short one, measuring only 1827 yards, but it is good golf from the fact that there is not a single "leveller" on the course. The hazards are so arranged that the drive must be a good one if the green is to be reached in par figures, and the foozler at the tee has no chance to take a brassey, and thus place himself on even terms with the man who has driven a "screamer." This is an unusual excellence, and is greatly to the credit of the secretary, Mr. J. J. McCloskey, who laid out the course without professional assistance. The first hole looks like a "leveller," for its length is the generally bad figure of 228 yards. But when one comes to play it, he finds that everything depends upon the tee-shot being both straight and of fair length, for the fair green, bordered by an unplayable brook and a swamp, is only about one hundred feet in width, and there is a deep ditch to guard the green. It is an exceedingly difficult hole, and particularly so for a starter, as a player's medal score may be hopelessly ruined before he has had a chance to warm to his work. The fair green is tolerably good, although the grass is inclined to be thin, and is patchy with tufts of broom sedge, which have been cut down close and allowed to die out. The putting-greens are at present of clay, but they are to be replaced by sod. A deep barranca coinciding with the long axis of the playing area is the principal natural hazard, and its gravelly sides and bottom are fitting punishment for the crime of foozling. The home hole is as good a half-iron shot as can be found anywhere, the line running over a deep ravine and watercourse, and the green being further protected by ditches that trap an overplayed or badly sliced ball. The new part of the course lies over rolling ground and through woodland. There is a chance here to get in some longer holes, and so raise the general average.

The course of the Chattanooga Golf Club is a standing monument to the enduring vitality of the royal sport, for certainly the conditions under which it is played cannot be called favorable. In point of beauty of situation and scenic attractiveness the Chattanooga golfers may score easily, but the golfing figures are apt to be on the high side. It is indeed a magnificent panorama that reveals itself from the commanding elevation of the first teeing-ground—Mission Ridge and Sherman Heights, with the white shaft of the Chickamauga monument in the distance, the sublime escarpment of old Lookout looming up on our right hand, and the silvery windings of the Tennessee River at our feet. If a golfer ever had any time to look at scenery, he might be pardoned for dwelling upon such a glorious landscape, but, alas! the whole of his energies must be devoted to finding a lie for his ball that may be considered as even passable. The greater part of the course is laid out over a gravelly plateau, upon which grass is about as plentiful as hen's teeth. The local rules permit the player to remove small pebbles and other break-clubs that may be in contact with his ball, and the interpretation of the law is a generous one —"Lift what you darn please." It is evident that with judicious "lifting" a skilful player may leave his ball virtually teed for every shot; but as all are entitled to the same advantage, there is no great harm done. It may interest the small band of the faithful at Chattanooga to know that golf at the Canary Islands is played under precisely the same conditions, and Mr. Horace Hutchinson, of Badminton celebrity, prefers it infinitely to no golf at all.

As against these disadvantages of fair-green play, the visiting golfer at Chattanooga finds excellent putting-"browns," large and true, holes of good length, hazards (exclusive of bad lies) arranged with excellent judgment, and, best of all, the companionship and hospitality of as generous-hearted and sportsmanlike a set of club-men as play the game from old St. Andrews to the Cape of Good Hope. There are only sixty members in the club, but they make up in enthusiasm what they lack in numbers, and the golfing tourist will have no occasion to regret his visit, unless he happens to break a favorite play-club. Moral: When in doubt, take a niblick.

The playing distance of the nine holes is 2290 yards, and the record of 90 for the double round is held by Mr. J. L. Lupton, the golf captain. It has been proposed to lay out a course for summer play upon the top of Lookout Mountain. There is plenty of room at the summit plateau, and of course any amount of scenery. And since there was a "battle in the clouds," why not golf?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SECOND HOLE, ASHEVILLE.

"PONY TRACKS."—WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—8VO, CLOTH, ORNAMENTAL, $1 75.—HARPER & BROTHERS.

The Tariff in Our New Possessions

BY W. B. HOWELL, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

THE question of the control and occupancy of the islands which have come into our possession by conquest during the Spanish-American war is one that is attracting so much attention now that it may be interesting for us to consider the character of the government that can be established in the conquered territory, what laws are to govern there, the relation in which such territory stands to the conquering state, and its relation to foreign countries. In this article I shall consider these points briefly, particularly concerning the relation of such territory with this country and with foreign nations within the scope of the revenue laws.

Halleck, in his work on international law, says: "The right of a belligerent to occupy and govern the territory of the enemy while in its military possession is one of the incidents of war, and flows directly from the right to conquer. We therefore do not look to the constitution or political institutions of the conqueror for authority to establish a government for the territory of the enemy in his possession during its military occupation, nor for the rules by which the powers of such government are regulated and limited. Such authority and such rules are derived directly from the laws of war as established by the usage of the world and confirmed by the writings of recognized publicists and decisions of courts—in fine, from the law of nations."

In England the courts have held that territory conquered by British arms becomes by such conquest a part of the King's dominion, and its inhabitants thereby become his subjects, and such territory is no longer to be regarded by other portions of Great Britain or by other nations as foreign territory. A different view, however, is held by the courts of this country. Here the President, by virtue of the power vested in him by the Constitution, as Commander-in-chief of the army and navy, may invade and seize the enemy's territory, and establish a government for it, and while such territory becomes subject to the authority and control of the United States, it does not follow that it is a part of the Union, or that it ceases to be a foreign country so far as its commercial relations with this country are concerned. "The United States may," said Chief-Justice Taney, "extend its boundaries by conquest or treaty, and may demand the cession of territory as the condition of peace, in order to indemnify its citizens for the injuries they have suffered, or to reimburse the government for the expenses of the war. But this can be done only by the treaty-making power or the legislative authority, and is not a part of the power conferred upon the President by the declaration of war. His duty and his power are purely military." The question then arises how are other nations to regard territory in the possession of the military forces of the United States? Chief-Justice Taney has answered this question. He says: "By the laws and usages of nations conquest is a valid title while the victor maintains the exclusive possession of the conquered territory. The citizens of no other nation, therefore, have the right to enter it without the permission of the American authorities, nor to hold intercourse with its inhabitants, nor to trade with them. As regards all other nations it is a part of the United States, and belongs to them as exclusively as the territory included within our established boundaries." The President, as Commander-in-chief, may prevent all intercourse with the conquered territory, or permit it upon such conditions as he may deem proper. It is generally recognized that to allow intercourse is a relaxation of the rights of war. It follows, therefore, that the President may fix the duties to be levied on goods imported into the conquered territory, and the tonnage dues to be collected on vessels entering its ports. "So, also," says Halleck, "the rules of intercourse and trade between the inhabitants of the United States and such conquered territory may be very different from the rules regulating the intercourse and trade between different parts of the Union. An American vessel entering a port of the conquered territory during its military occupation by the United States must conform to the regulations adopted, and pay the duties exacted by the government of such territory."

While it has been decided that the possession of conquered territory is to be regarded as merely military occupation pending the determination of the treaty of peace, it is equally well settled that the conqueror may displace the pre-existing authority, and assume, to such extent as he may deem proper, the exercise by himself of all powers and functions of government. He may appoint the necessary officers and clothe them with designated power; and he may prescribe the revenues to be paid, and apply them to his own use or otherwise. They are the fruits of conquest, and known as "military contributions," and are not paid into the Treasury of the United States until so directed by Congress. Their expenditure, therefore, is not regulated by our appropriation acts, but solely by direction of the President as the head of the army.

When Santiago surrendered to our arms, on the seventeenth day of July last, we were at once called upon to provide for the collection of customs duties at that port. Fortunately for the Treasury officials having this work in hand, there was a precedent to be found in the case of the capture and occupation of Tampico by the arms of the United States during the war of 1846. The rules then established for the collection of duties at ports in Mexico, it was found, could be improved upon as the result of experience, and many changes were accordingly made in the regulations promulgated for the administration of the tariff at the ports in Cuba in the possession of the United States. In addition to preparing these administrative regulations, it was necessary for us to arrange the schedules of the tariff to be imposed on merchandise entering the ports of that island. It is usual, in such cases, for the conqueror to continue in force, during the military occupation of the territory, the tariff rates which theretofore existed, with such modifications as may be deemed essential. It was found that Spain had practically two tariffs for the island of Cuba—one for the articles imported from Spain, and another for articles imported from all other countries. Of course the rates on articles coming from Spain were, as a rule, much lower than those on articles coming from other countries; and as it was the desire of this government to relieve, as far as possible, the unfortunate inhabitants of the island from the burdens under which they had been suffering, the minimum Spanish tariff was adopted, with some slight modifications which were thought necessary in the interest of the inhabitants. This tariff is now being collected at all ports in our possession, on merchandise coming from the United States as well as on merchandise exported from all other countries. The Supreme Court having held that territory while in the military possession of this government remains a foreign country within the meaning of the revenue laws, articles imported into this country from Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines are accordingly subject to duty as if coming from other foreign countries.

Lieut.-Col. Sells, 9th U. S. Vol. Infantry. Visitor in Court. Captain Aldrich, 9th U. S. Vol. Infantry. Orderly. Two Spanish Claimants.

SANTIAGO—THE COURT OF CLAIMS IN SESSION.

Within three days after the surrender of Santiago, the Treasury Department, at the instance of the Secretary of War, selected and ordered to report to the War Department a competent customs official to assist the army officers in collecting the revenue at that port. The revenue received from customs, tonnage, and port dues there, up to and including October 31, 1898, amounted to $214,591. Since our occupation of Santiago, there have come into our possession the sub-ports of Manzanillo, Baracoa, and Gibara, and experienced customs officers have also been appointed for these places by the War Department, on the recommendation of the Secretary of the Treasury.

I have stated that the Spanish minimum tariff was adopted for ports in the possession of our military forces in Cuba. The same rule has been followed with respect to Puerto Rico. For the Philippines, however, it was found that Spain had but one rate, which was imposed upon goods entering those islands from all countries except Spain, her adjacent islands, and the Spanish Antilles, which were admitted free if transported under the Spanish flag. This government, therefore, adopted, with certain modifications, the tariff which had been in operation there, without, of course, the discrimination in favor of goods from Spain. In a recent report from General Whittier, the Collector of Customs at Manila, he states that "the custom-house receipts during our incumbency, twenty-four working-days, amount to $606,000 (Mexican). With the increase of industries, contingent upon our occupancy, they should amount within two years to eight millions a year at least."

It should be borne in mind that the provisional tariffs which are now in force are purely military measures, and exist only by virtue of the laws of war. Our acquisition of any of these territories will bring them within the principles of our Constitution and laws. "Every nation acquiring territory by treaty or otherwise," says the Supreme Court, "must hold it subject to the constitution and laws of its own government, and not according to the laws of the government ceding it." It is stated, however, as a general principle, by writers on international law, that when political jurisdiction and legislative power over a territory are transferred from one sovereign to another, the municipal laws of the territory continue in force until abrogated by the new sovereign. We have recently seen this principle carried out in the resolution annexing the Hawaiian Islands, wherein Congress expressly declared that the municipal laws of the islands, and their customs relations with this country, shall remain in force until Congress shall otherwise determine.

It is also stated that when territory has been ceded by one sovereignty to another, it does not open it to free commercial intercourse with the world, as a matter of course, until the new possessor has prescribed by legislation some terms upon which intercourse may be conducted. It is true that after the treaty of peace with Mexico, by which upper California was ceded to the Union, the military governor there continued for nearly a year to collect import and tonnage dues without any legislation by Congress on the subject, but he did so at the rates authorized by acts of Congress for other ports of the United States, thus bringing them within the requirement of the Constitution, that "all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States."

The relation which these islands will hold toward the United States is a question which is engaging the attention of the officials of the administration, our legislators, and thoughtful business men. The question arises whether we shall have a separate tariff for such territory as we may acquire, or shall we enforce there the United States tariff. If we have a special tariff, will we have free trade between such dependencies and the United States, or, if not free trade, will we have discriminating rates on articles exported from and imported into the United States? Will that provision of the Constitution, that "all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States," be interpreted as applying to the confederation of States only, or will it be claimed that it applies to these islands as well, and that any other tariff than the one in force in this country would be unconstitutional? If the latter view is taken, will it be said that the resolution of Congress annexing the Hawaiian Islands is unconstitutional because of the provision that the customs laws in force there shall be continued until further action by Congress? In this connection we must not overlook certain other provisions of the Constitution. Article 4, section 3, provides that "the Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States." The very next section of the Constitution provides that "the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government." "There the guarantee stops," says a recent writer. "It does not bind the United States to maintain a republican form of government in the territory of the United States outside of the States of the Union, over which power is expressly given to Congress to 'make all needful rules and regulations.' Before the establishment of a Territorial government the control has been exclusively in the hands of the Executive, and peace and order have been maintained generally by military force." He adds, "We know that the United States Constitution is a compact between sovereign States, and that all the States of the Union have equal rights; we also know that when the Constitution was adopted we had a vast unsettled national domain, beyond the bounds and jurisdiction of the original States, as the common property of the nation, but not within the Union of States."

From this brief review it will be seen that the tariff for our new possessions is a subject that will soon demand the attention of Congress; and fraught as it is with grave economic and constitutional questions, it should have, as it doubtless will, the most serious and careful consideration.

New Ambassadors

ON the 12th of January President McKinley sent to the Senate the nomination of Joseph Hodges Choate, of New York, to be Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Great Britain. Two days before, the nomination of Charlemagne Tower, Jr., of Pennsylvania, for the Russian mission, had been received by the Senate. Mr. Tower's present post is that of minister to Austria-Hungary.

Mr. Choate was born in Salem, Massachusetts, on the 24th of January, 1832. The family is descended from John Choate, who came from England in 1640. At the age of twenty Mr. Choate was graduated at Harvard. He was admitted to the bar in Boston in 1855, removed to New York in 1856, and became a partner in the firm of Evarts, Choate, & Beaman in 1859. Versatility of talent in the practice of his profession, and his ability as a public speaker and as a wit, have given him a reputation which has seldom been equalled among the leaders of the New York bar.

Charlemagne Tower, Jr., was born in Philadelphia, April 17, 1848. After graduating at Harvard in 1872, Mr. Tower spent three years in study at European universities, and travelled widely before returning to America, where he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1878. He has been prominently connected with railway and mining companies, and until 1891 served as president of the Finance Company of Pennsylvania. During the last few years he has devoted much time to literary work.

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